The SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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VOWS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

We stood in the hush of the summer night,
And talked of the future days;
And all our castles were built of light,
And cornliced with golden haze.

"As long as the sun rises up in the east
And sets in the west" you swore,
"Till the tireless moments of Time have ceased,
And you planets are seen no more;

"Till the earth grows weary of swinging round,
And drops from its track at last—
Ay! even then shall my love be found
A mighty link of the past."

It was something like this, and a volume more,
I remember I heard you say;
And wonderful things you vowed and swore,
As we gazed at the milky way.

Well! only a few short years have gone,
And nothing's amiss with Time;
The earth is quietly moving on,
And the planets are in their prime.

The sun comes up in the usual place,
And sets in the west at night;
And I judge, by the look of his placid face,
He considers his road all right.

But the love that you talked of—that wonderful flower
That was deathless and passing fair—
Why the frail little thing lived its life in an hour,
And died at the first cold air.

UNDER A BAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS,

AUTHOR OF "CLAUDIA," "CUT ADRIFT," &c., &c.

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CHAPTER X.

TAKING COUNSEL.

Mr. Rutherford was a critical man, and yet he would not have guessed that Mrs. Thorndike had not been born to this state and elegance. She presided so gracefully, she had that half indifferent air as if she had lived so long among luxuries that they wearied her, and in her conversation she was choice and refined. She had another quality that he remarked very soon, and honored her for it.

When Lucy Thorndike first began to shield her husband's little faults, smooth down his roughnesses, and cover his vulgar commonplace with her fine tact, she hardly knew. At first he had been strongly idealized, or rather through their brief acquaintance she had no means of understanding him thoroughly. She was eminently loyal in her affections, and at that period of her life would have worshipped him as a god, had he possessed any godlike attributes.

His ways did not jar upon her soul as keenly as her father's and Rachel's, for here there was unlimited indulgence. Therefore out of pure gratitude she made herself blind to his foibles, and began the habit of covering them up to herself, which was very easily extended to the rest of the world. So now she made him appear at his best estate.

It was not much that she said, to be sure, for her husband talked in his loud energetic way about some business advantages into which he was endeavoring to persuade Mr. Rutherford, but her soft tones now and then seemed to restore an equilibrium.

They sat a long while over their wine, while she toyed with her grapes and almonds, and dangerously contrasted the two men. There was such a wide difference between them. She had thought of this before, when she had seen him with others who were his superiors, but to-night it gave her a peculiar sadness that rendered her the more lovely.

They had just risen from the table when a messenger came for Mr. Thorndike. Mrs. Thorndike led the way to the drawing-room, but was presently summoned by her husband.

"Lucy!" he said, impatiently, for he did not at all like being interrupted, "look over my desk and find those Harvard papers. Jim's sick with a fever and can't start off to-morrow, as I expected. Hang it! Everything always goes wrong in a heap."

Her deft and dainty fingers found their way through the numberless packages with which the desk was filled, for Mr. Thorndike had a trick of keeping many of his valuable papers at home.

"Here they are," she announced, glancing at the label.

"Now find—but no, I'll do it myself, Lucy—"

"Well," she answered, and a long pause followed.

He ran through the package and made several selections, quite forgetting that she awaited his bidding.

"Lucy—"

"What else can I do?"

She looked as if she might fly to the ends of the earth at his bidding.

"Nothing but listen. Make yourself as agreeable as possible to Rutherford to-night."

"Why?" with her old arch smile.

"Because I want you to. Jim couldn't have done a worse thing than to fall sick, for now I must post some one else off to New York to-morrow, or what is worse, go myself. And I wanted to get Rutherford to commit himself to-night. The man has a mint of money to invest."

"But I don't know anything about the business," she said, in a rather amused tone.

"Oh, I don't expect *that* of you. You're not as long headed as your sister Rachel, but you're a sight prettier, and that takes wonderfully with us poor fools," and he chuckled.

She never felt angry when he compared her with Rachel in this manner, or jealous, when he spent whole evenings at home, as it always appeared natural to call the old place, discussing business projects with her father and sister. She preferred staying by herself and reading novels.

"I asked Rutherford here with a purpose," he went on. "We may as well have the benefit of his money as any one else. So you make it pleasant for him this evening. I'm sorry enough to go."

"I will do my best," she returned, rather gratified at the idea of so great an exercise of hospitality.

"Run down now. I'd like Rutherford to stay a week at least—so don't be backward about inviting him."

She laid her hand on her husband's arm and looked steadily into his eyes.

"Warren," she said, slowly, "it is all right! There's no danger of your speculations going wrong, as sometimes happens!"

"Danger! No; and his loud, unmusical laugh grated on her ears.

She was barely seated when her husband entered, partially explaining the sudden interruption, and excusing his absence in a most profuse manner.

"And so I must leave you to the tender mercies of Mrs. Thorndike;" he said, with his adieu. "Lucy, don't let him fall asleep. I'll not stay late."

Mrs. Thorndike was really glad to have him go. He always seemed to make such a stir and confusion with his eager bustling about.

As for Lucy Thorndike, she quite enjoyed the command of making herself agreeable to such a man as Mr. Rutherford. And yet a girlish sense of embarrassment seized her when she was left quite alone. She did not feel half as free as she had over in the library.

But Mr. Rutherford was not the kind of man to sit in awkward silence. Truth to tell, he was not quite sure but that he should enjoy this quiet evening best. There had been an afternoon of rambling around and diving into everything, added to his morning's journey—and altogether he felt rather fatigued.

How could they think sitting there comparative strangers, of the influence they were to exercise over each other's lives! This careless conversation beginning with Dedham and its future prospects, she intent only upon playing hostess in a charming manner and pleasing her husband, for then most of her aims, so far as she had any, were his; and Mr. Rutherford listening in rather luxurious content, was destined to sway an eventful future.

She did make herself very bewitching. Leaving the common-place topics at length she soared to flights of fancy that opened the far regions of her soul. It was so rarely that she felt free to touch upon these hidden springs, so seldom that she found a listener to her taste.

He saw the manner of life in which she might revel, he read it in the flush on her brow, the quiver of her lip and the excited breath that made her falter, or sent the words along with a peculiar rush and thrill. It answered to some dim dream in his nature.

"And you have always lived in this little town?" he asked presently.

"I never was ten miles beyond it until my marriage."

"You are still in bridehood?"

"Oh, no!" and she laughed gayly. "I feel quite ancient when I look back to that past girlhood."

"Childhood," he corrected.

"Yes, it was that."

"You have a peculiar nature," he said with a grave half smile. "When I first saw you, weariness, an ennui were impressed upon your brow."

"You read that?"

"I fancied that I did. Now you are like a changeful ray of light; first you dazzle over the water, making it sparkle with gems, then you bring to view some dryad nook from far forest, or haunt of fairies. Which am I to believe—this mood or that of a few hours ago?"

"Believe both, Mr. Rutherford," she said, "believe both."

FESTIVAL IN NEW ZEALAND.

During Captain Cook's visit to the island of Tongataboo in the Pacific, he was invited by the king to an entertainment. He accepted the invitation, and on landing found the people very busy in fixing in an upright position several very long posts. The space between the posts was filled up with yams (a root used as food), and as they went on filling it, they fastened pieces of sticks across from post to post at the distance of about every four feet, to climb up by, and also to prevent the posts from separating by the weight of the enclosed yams. When the yams had reached the top of the first posts, they fastened others to them, and so continued till each pile was about thirty feet high. On the top of one they placed two baked hogs; on the summit of the other a living pig. It was astonishing to see the ease with which these food trophies were put up, and with what skill the natives spliced post to post and fastened lath to lath.

During a festival in New Zealand, lately held, a similar trophy was erected, the only difference being that it was eighty or ninety feet high, and more like a pyramid in form. The whole was covered with people, who assisted in decorating it with colored cloths and streamers and other ornaments. A Missionary made a sketch of the scene, a copy of which we give. Though the scene is rude and barbarous in one sense, yet the festival pyramid certainly shows skill and taste on the part of the natives. There are now some beautiful Christian churches in New Zealand which have been built by the natives, and in eleven of these churches the services are conducted entirely by native clergymen.

"I do desire to believe that you are happy," he said in an earnest tone, for he felt that she was one who had better not be roused to higher views. Let her go on like a dancing butterfly. The cross of life in its bitterness would be too heavy a weight for her.

She saw how she had misled him. What mattered his opinion? In a day or two he would be gone, and it was quite possible that she should never see him again. She had entertained him, and that was sufficient. He would remember her as a pretty bright woman, fanciful, frivolous, leaving no permanent mark anywhere.

Then she glanced at that face of inflexible strength and integrity. The man or woman who could of right call him friend was doubly blest. She envied this fortunate creature.

Some wild, daring impulse urged her on.

"I do not think that I have ever known happiness in your acceptation of the term," she exclaimed with sudden vehemence; "or if so but for a brief moment."

Her words and tone startled him out of his composure, and the resolve he had made concerning her.

"Yet why should you not be happy?" he said almost coldly.

"True," and there was a light mockery in her voice and smile. "I have all that wealth can bestow, a husband who adores me in his fashion, which I dare say is as good as the regard men usually give to that which is not gold; youth, health, beauty," and she made a short, abrupt pause. "Yet sometimes I ask myself what I am living for, and who is made the better for my presence? If I were to drop out of sight to-morrow I should be covered by the next wave and forgotten."

"There *is* something better and higher," he said with the tone of a man who knew.

"But how to find it?"

Her deep eyes were turned full upon him, and he started at the spirit that he had evoked.

"That ought not to be a difficult task for a woman."

"Don't treat me to platitudes, Mr. Rutherford. I used to have them a year or two ago dinned into my ears until they ached. It is harder for a woman to get into the right place than it is for a man. He can confess to ambition, love of power, he can join in the exciting strife, and if he fails there is always some friendly hand to raise him up and enable him to try again. But who would have confidence in a woman after her failure? Who would fancy that it hurt her to be laughed at for her want of success?"

Her eyes were in a blaze of dangerous light, and her words rang out crisp and sharp.

"Women rarely try in earnest, and are too easily discouraged. And God made their sphere to differ."

"So we come back to our dressing and dancing. When we want something a little higher and more ennobling we have—dreams."

Her beautiful scarlet lip curled in scorn.

"And you look down upon us from the shadow of your broad, clear brains, smiling at our little failures and commending us to the smaller graces of life."

"Are they to be despised?" he asked.

"Heaven forbid. And yet if they are so lovely why do you not practice them? There would be room for both, I think."

He smiled sadly.

"We are all at fault," he said in a low tone.

A step crunched on the gravel walk without.

"And I have been talking rank heresy," she exclaimed with a gay laugh. "I will promise to give you a different course at breakfast."

Warren Thorndike came up the porch and entered at the French window. The room presented a very elegant appearance in the softened light of the chandelier, and his wife looked very handsome sitting in her high-backed crimson chair, her clear brow without the slightest mark of care, and her cheeks deliciously flushed.

Her reign was over, she well knew, but she abdicated gracefully. Mr. Thorndike proposed an adjournment to the library, and rang for wine and cigars. Mrs. Thorndike bade them both good-night.

Paul Rutherford sipped at the edge of his wine-glass, but did not smoke. Mr. Thorndike was loud and eager, and as the other listened he wondered again and again what fateful charm had brought these two together.

"For she has an impulsive and passionate nature," he mused, "quick to catch at any promise of beauty or delight. Her dreamy and refined enthusiasms, her mysterious and undefined aspirations, her rare spiritual appreciation, crude as it is, render her the more liable to temptation from without and within. If she had but love for her safeguard—"

Then he roused himself and attended to his host, but he was thankful when he could retire with respectable grace.

As for Lucy she went straight to her room, and as was her fashion when strongly excited buried her face in her hands and gave vent to a flood of foolish tears. Some inward sobs shook her slight frame, but they grew fainter and fainter.

"Of what avail is it?" she began vehemently. "Was not he right who said—'Eat, drink, for to-morrow we die?' Why this continual longing for something beyond our reach? If fate had placed me elsewhere I too might have come up to some grand height, but Lucy Garth or Lucy Thorndike, the weight of a millstone hangs around your neck!"

The new life on which she had counted in her ignorant girlhood had proved a failure. She was impatient with those of her kind who were not congenial, and to-night she stood as fatally alone as in the dreary little bed-chamber at her father's. She liked this better, because the luxury appealed to the sensuous side of her nature, but she had no friend to whom she could open her heart.

She had tried her husband. His coarse, good-humored materialism was a trifle more endurable than Rachel's rigid coldness, but it checked that source of highest and sweetest confidence just as effectually. He could no more understand her than if she had talked Sanscrit. And the misfortune was that everything tended to spiritualize her. Certain passages in music always moved her to tears, a sentence from a favorite author stirred every pulse of her being, or the sentiment of a poem roused her from earthliness, and moved her to strange, high desires, quite unattainable, as she realized the next hour.

There was a certain volatile essence in her composition. If these moods had lasted, her wild struggles for light would have brought about some result, but at the most important moment some incident diverted her. We do not all reach the highest standard at twenty, you know.

And although Mrs. Thorndike had many admirers in Dedham, she was not a general favorite. Mediocrity is always startled at the word "peculiar," when applied to a woman. It may include some hidden danger, an earthquake at one's feet, to yawn frightfully at any moment.

Mr. and Mrs. Glenfield had first tried their hand with her. They had been warmly welcomed among the Shiloah congregation, and Lucy was prepared to find something higher and finer than all that had gone before.

A truly noble woman might have exercised a great and beneficial influence over Lucy at this period. Mrs. Glenfield was lady-like and superficial. She pretended to a certain intellectuality; indeed, in her school days had quite signalized herself by some literary productions, but now she rested gracefully on her husband's laurels. Lucy amazed her by broaching bold theories, at which the soft, womanly woman recoiled, and she found that she was trusting to a broken reed. Then she tried Mr. Glenfield in all honesty.

She interested and amused him, nay more, unwittingly flattered his self-love, of which he possessed no small share. She had come to learn, but the fact that she had come to *him* quite overwhelmed the truth, and he fed her with sweet, tasteless crumbs, such as men too often dole out to women. She was so honest and earnest that she never understood what an object of admiration she became to him. I do not mean that he would have degraded his priestly office or his pride of position by any unlawful love, but he did like to linger in her presence, to drop in of an afternoon and run over a few duets with her, to lunch or dine, as the case happened, when he could do so alone. He fancied that he enjoyed these little informal hospitalities so much better; but the truth was, he was more at liberty without Mrs. Glenfield.

Lucy would have been shocked if she had known herself the object of such a regard and such attentions. She was not keen-sighted in these matters. Mrs. Glenfield was not long in making the discovery, aided by a little chronic jealousy. And yet, inconsistent being, she could hardly forgive Lucy for being so utterly unconscious of her husband's charms.

The warmer part of the friendship died out, as those things usually do, when no strong feeling is enlisted. Mrs. Glenfield smiled very sweetly, and said of her—

"Mrs. Thorndike is peculiar, but what can one expect of her youth and her training, and we must make allowance for the great change in position that was brought about by her marriage. I always hope for the best of every human soul."

At which her listeners rolled their eyes and clasped their hands. Such a lovely and charitable woman!

So Lucy Thorndike, being insensible to the admiration of the one and the graceful patronage of the other, was allowed to wander out of the fold if she so elected. The ladies always came to her for any charity they had on hand, and she gave freely.

Then she turned her attention to the more worldly-minded. Fresh to the gayeties of society, she entered upon them with a wonderful zest and eagerness that quite shocked the ancient spinsters she had left so far behind. Warren Thorndike enjoyed the parties to some extent. He liked the suppers and the wines and the business talk of the men, so Lucy danced and laughed with others, some of whom were very attractive young persons.

She was tiring of this second stage now. She had a sharp tongue, and was too honest to be made the victim of foolish flatteries, so some of those who had met with a decided rebuff endorsed Mrs. Glenfield's verdict—peculiar.

Not that she stood alone outwardly. Her dinners and parties were too elegant to miss, and Mr. Thorndike was becoming too much of a power in Dedham to affront, so if the wives had any fault to find, the husbands invariably smoothed it over.

She was a little proud of her power. It was something to drive through the town in her pony-carriage and have hosts of smiles and nods bestowed upon her. She possessed exquisite taste in dressing, and though the articles might be copied, and frequently were, her style was her very own and beyond reach of imitation.

But the bitter hours of loneliness that her soul knew could never be shared. Some fateful shadow stood between her and happiness, and not unfrequently the cry for rest and comfort passed those brilliant lips that an hour before had been wreathed in gayest smiles.

It was this discrepancy in life that so tormented her, this change of moods without any apparent cause.

"If I only had one true and tender friend," she moaned, as she shook out the long golden curls that had first caught Mr. Thorndike's eye and heart. "No, he could never like me," she added as an after thought. "I am silly and weak, and turned about with every mood. Oh! mother, mother, why was I born at all!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Five copies (and one extra) $9.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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UNDER A BAN.

BY MISS DOUGLAS.

We commenced in THE POST of Feb. 5th, this new novelet written for THE POST by that charming and talented writer, Miss Amanda M. Douglas.

The beginning of this new novelet is a capital time to begin subscriptions to THE POST, although we can still supply back numbers when required to the first of the year.

OUR LETTERS.

Mr. W. A. B., of Erie, Pennsylvania, writes:—

"I have taken your paper ten years or over, and do not like to do without it."

Miss H. T., of Marshfield, Indiana, writes:—

"I would not do without the dear old POST for anything."

W. H. P., of Gilboa, Virginia, writes:—

"I cannot tell you how much I am pleased with THE POST. I can only say it is everything I could wish it."

Dr. W., of Big Pond, Arkansas, writes:—

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T. H. D., of Desoteville, Alabama, writes:—

"I think THE POST the best paper now published."

T. C., of Roseville, Ohio, says:—

"I cannot do without THE POST."

N. H., of Melrose, Wisconsin, writes:—

"I am very much pleased with THE POST."

J. A., of Spiceland, Indiana, writes:—

"My wife has concluded that she cannot do without THE POST any longer."

Of course not. Spiceland is just the place where a spicy paper will be appreciated.

FREE DISCUSSION.

The right of every man to think and speak and print what seems to him just and proper, is generally considered in this country one of those inalienable rights involved in the equal claim to Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness, asserted by the Declaration of Independence.

And yet, while this right of Free Speech and Free Publication is generally admitted, we fear that the great benefit both to the Individual and Society which results from its continual exercise, is not well understood and duly appreciated.

It is often thought even by those who would consider it wrong to limit their fellow-citizens in the exercise of the right of Free Discussion, that it is very doubtful whether more good or evil results from it. Such hear what they regard as the most sacred truths, religious as well as political, rudely called into question—and see attempts made to propagate what they consider the most pernicious errors—and only refrain from the endeavor to silence the advocates of what seems to them heresy and falsehood, either because they fear that the attempt would be hopeless, or else conclude that a sacred right must be maintained, even at the risk of considerable injury to the community.

But a little reflection, we think, will convince every thoughtful mind that the positive good of Free Speech is much greater than is generally supposed, and the practical evil much less.

In the first place, Freedom of Thought and of Speech are absolutely necessary for the development of superior minds. To think at all, in the highest sense of the word, a man must think at will. The mind can no more move freely in chains than the body. As for the perfection of the bodily development you must have free exercise of the limbs in the free open air, so for the perfection of the mental development you also must have free exercise of the faculties of the mind, in the invigorating air of freedom. And thus we find that in proportion as Freedom is the law of any State—other things being equal—that State becomes famous for its great artists, thinkers, and statesmen, and for its spiritual and material progress.

Where Free Thought is controlled and repressed either by a stern Public Opinion or by Law, all Progress is forbidden and as far as possible prevented. For all Progress necessarily begins with some individual who is, in certain respects, wiser than the great majority of his fellows. Being wiser, he naturally is set down by Public Opinion—which may be defined to be the average Prejudice or Stupidity of the community—as a fool, or even as a vile and unprincipled person. Thus the wise Socrates was condemned to death as "a corrupter of the youth of Athens." And even Jesus—perfectly pure and blameless and temperate as he was—was accused of being a wine-bibber and a glutton, and crucified as a blasphemer between two thieves.

The history of the world is full of facts of a similar character. How much sacrifice of innocent blood—yes and of the very best blood, the blood of those sent by heaven to be the prophets and leaders of the race—has there been; and often even now the world is scarcely able to refrain from laying violent hands upon its superior men, and nailing them either to a mental or material cross.

But even in cases where the men who utter unpalatable sayings are not superior men, and their utterances not great truths at all, there is often a decided benefit resulting from their free speaking. A man who denies and calls into question what is really true, is often doing a greater service to society and to the Truth itself, than many of its nominal supporters.

There are two ways of holding a great Truth, one as a mere prejudice or superstition, and the other as a well understood and reasonable belief. Why are the majority of people in the United States professedly Christians? Because they were born here. If they had been born of Mohammedan parents, they would have been Mohammedans—if in China, disciples of Buddha or of Confucius. That is, their religious beliefs are held as matters of education and custom and prejudice, just as the views of Mohammedans are. And the tendency of a community where all agree in certain religious or political opinions, to settle down into a dull, lifeless acquiescence, which cannot fairly be called a belief, or else into a wretched bigotry and intolerance, is very great indeed.

Now does it not seem sometimes almost Providential that wrong-headed, contrary men are born into the world—who will deny the most cherished and sacred religious and political doctrines of the people, and thus waken them up to an examination of the grounds and reasons of the faith which they profess?

Such one-sided, wrong-headed people seem to us often of the very greatest benefit to society. They spy out the rotten timber in your spiritual vessel. Of course you do not like it—the pestilent, troublesome, meddling fellows!—but you have no remedy but to take out the defective timber and put in better. And thus you are enabled to ride safely through the next great storm.

You believe nominally in a certain doctrine. That is, you have always taken it for granted—but never examined into the groundwork upon which it is based, nor into the strength of the arguments that can be adduced either for or against it. But now comes along Mr. Doubter. He denies the truth of your cherished and venerated dogma to your face. He has read up the matter too, and puzzles you somewhat, as you are forced to confess, with his assertions and arguments. Now this forces you, if you are a sensible man, to examine into the foundations of your belief. You read up likewise. You discuss the matter with him again—and again. And the result is, after the course of years perhaps, that you either have modified your original views, or else hold them now as beliefs, as a living, breathing faith. You may or may not have modified Doubter's views, and done Doubter good—but he certainly has done *you* good. He has forced you to think, and think earnestly—has compelled you either to hold your belief as a vital, earnest faith, or give it up as rotten and unsound. Verily Doubter has his place too in the world. We could often better spare better men.

In the Romish Church, before any famous personage is admitted upon the roll of the Saints, his claims to canonization are tested by what is designed to be a perfectly free discussion. In order that the negative side may be fully set forth, a "Devil's Advocate" is appointed, whose business it is to pick flaws in the holy man's character, and show that he is not entitled to the high honor that his admirers claim for him. And thus, if the Devil, in the affairs of this world, had not already plenty of advocates, it would be absolutely necessary for the Saints to appoint some, in order that their measures should be sufficiently discussed, and the defective features pointed out and amended. But what good would the Devil's Advocates do us, if they were not permitted to open their mouths.

And thus in all legislative bodies, we see that Free Discussion, and plenty of it, is of the very first importance. So far from the party in power attempting to limit it, they should welcome it gladly. Nothing is more fatal to the adoption of wise measures than a repression of that spirit of fault-finding, which prompts a minority to subject every act of the majority to the most searching examination. A wise majority will welcome and profit by, rather than repress, such unrelenting criticism.

Besides as each of the great parties into which nations naturally divide themselves, represents its portion of the truth—parties having a natural tendency to crystallize around some one class of ideas, which though true are not the whole truth—the opposition and proposed amendments of the opposing party, generally have a tendency to make measures more tolerant, moderate and complete. Any one who has ever belonged to a society for local or social purposes, knows how at the very end of a long discussion, some new view may be thrown out which will entirely change the decision of the question. And therefore an aversion to hasty decisions, and a conservatism which waits to hear if something else cannot be said before old customs and venerable traditions are abandoned, are admirable traits in a people, and probably essential to the long duration of national life.

It has often been noticed that free countries are seldom so well governed as when the parties in their legislative halls are nearly equally balanced. One reason of this is, that full and free discussion, under favorable circumstances, is then best secured. And as there is always a small proportion of men in all parties who love their country more than their party, and truth more than party theories, appeals to reason and justice in such cases are apt to have an effect—and not be crushed to the earth by the mere brute force of a well-disciplined party majority. For wisdom and eloquence will not often lift up their voices in legislative halls, when neither the greatest wisdom nor the most sublime eloquence can have the smallest influence upon the result.

Therefore, in conclusion, let us appreciate at a very high value the benefits of Free Thought, Free Speech, and a Free Press. These build up the great natures which ennoble the race. They give us the great ideas which elevate mankind. They force us to hold our political and religious creeds, so far as those creeds are true, as real and vital beliefs, and not as empty, lifeless superstitions. They force us to abandon that which is false, and to modify views which are not altogether true. They compel us to see both sides of important questions, and thus to supplement half-truths with other half-truths, so that we may behold all things with the perfect and complete vision of Wisdom. In one word, they give free play to all that is noblest and most exalted in the human soul, so that it is able to grow in wisdom and stature, and in the knowledge of Nature and of Man.

THE GERMANTOWN TELEGRAPH.—This excellent and instructive weekly recently celebrated its Fortieth Anniversary. Under the able management of Major Freas the *Telegraph* has attained a high reputation for independence and wise management; and its agricultural articles especially are deservedly appreciated. May both it and its respected publisher continue to flourish like one of the Major's own fruit trees—and may The Telegraph be read by children's children, even unto the fortieth generation.

☞ M. Ollivier makes the curious statement that there are in France twelve hundred priests who earn a livelihood as cabmen or by sweeping the streets.

LABELS.

A Missouri subscriber writes to us as follows:—

"I tried hard to get a club, but owing to heavy taxes, hard times generally, and radical rule I have not been able to succeed. Some refused, believing you to be radical in your politics, but I still want THE POST, radical or not. I think I have been taking it for more than a dozen years."

What a funny world this is! Every man must be labeled, so that you can see at a glance who he belongs to—what he believes, or supposes he believes—what political or religious fire-engine he runs with—before he can be allowed to pass muster.

Well, the great majority of men seem to like this, seem to like to wear labels, and therefore we suppose it is all right, so far as they are concerned.

But then there are other men who do not like labels. They say to the modern Gurths, oh, yes, that is a very pretty collar you have on, inscribed—

"GURTH, BORN THRALL OF CEDRIC THE SAXON;"

or—,

GURTH, WILLING THRALL OF THE PARTY CALLED RADICAL—OR THE PARTY CALLED DEMOCRATIC;

but, somehow or other, such a collar would chafe our necks. And as we feel a repulsion to wearing any collar, we suppose it is just as right for us to go without a collar, as it is for you to wear one.

Do not let us be one-sided in this matter. We will acknowledge, if you choose, that the Creator designed that the larger number of men should wear collars, and enjoy them, and feel that they are moral and political supports, if you will only acknowledge that we who dislike collars, were also created with a purpose, and are bound to act according to our peculiar convictions of what is right and proper for us.

The world is very large—it is very complex and many sided. Probably every man, however peculiar he may be, has his fair and honest and peculiar work appointed him, which he is made peculiar in order to be able to do. And probably if every man says and does precisely that which, after serious and earnest thought, he believes to be right, the result will be to work out the subtle and complex plans of the infinitely and profoundly wise Creator of all men.

If now the friends and neighbors of our sensible and magnanimous Missouri correspondent wish to know our label, we shall have to give them the one which we would assume, if we consented to wear any:—*The independent editor of an independent press.* For really we agree only in part either with Radicals or with Democrats. And our present concern is more with the great principles which underlie all Politics—and which should shape the course of all thoughtful men of both parties—than with the success of either.

We think that intelligent men of all parties need to take broader and more comprehensive views of the great principles upon which Republican governments are based. We think that there is an almost universal tendency in this country to run into a one-sided, shallow and flippant political philosophy. We believe that the result of carrying these shallow and sentimental theories into practise, will be the filling of our legislative halls, and executive and judicial chairs, with incompetent and corrupt men. That in this way the Republican form of government will be brought into contempt, and that a Reaction will take place which will end in some sort of Imperialism.

All history proves that the passage from legislative incapacity and corruption to Despotism, is the path most easily trodden, and the one most difficult to retrace. Given a legislature that has lost the respect and confidence of the people, and a popular and ambitious Executive in possession of the purse and the sword, and one day's work may substitute a practical Imperialism for a so-called Republic. And the degradation of our legislative bodies in this country is going on with startling rapidity. Men already say, and in earnest, that it is no honor to be a member of a State Legislature—they already say, half in earnest, half in jest, that it is no honor to be a member of the lower house of Congress—the honesty, capability, and impartiality of the Judiciary are often sternly called in question—and do you not see where all this leads?

Dirt has been defined to be anything out of its right place. When legislative and judicial halls become filled with dirt, the Higher Powers are apt to send along, as a preferable evil, some strong and able Cromwell or Napoleon, who sweeps out the dirt with a rough broom of bayonets. And the stern pen of History enters the judicial record:—"This people claimed to be able to govern themselves; but they were not able. They were weighed in the balance, and found wanting."

Instead of sacrificing everything to shallow notions of political equality, which is the temper of the times, everything must be sacrificed if necessary to the election and selection of our ablest and best men to fill all offices of trust and honor. The abominable cry of "To the Victors belong the Spoils," must be suppressed as the cry of robbers and brigands. Good officers, in the Civil, as in the Military Service, must be kept in office, regardless of their politics—at fair wages, and fair wages only, for a fair day's work. And a wise Economy must be made the rule of all our governmental expenditures.

What we want is Liberty. Voting is not Liberty—it is only one means, in the hands of competent men, of securing Liberty. Liberty is the protection of Man in the exercise of that Free Agency which is the gift of God. It is the right to Think, to Speak, to Will, to Act, to Live according to your own convictions of what is right and proper, not interfering with the equal rights of other men to do the same. That is Liberty. And whatever form of government secures that, is worthy of the support and reverence of all lovers of Freedom. Whatever form of government fails to secure that, though it were based upon the widest and wildest Democracy that can be conceived, is essentially more or less of a Despotism.

COMPENSATION.

How things go in this miserable world. Read the following:—

"It is a noticeable and melancholy fact that the composition of music of the highest order is one of the worst possible means of obtaining a livelihood. In other words, it doesn't pay. Rossini used to declare that it was utterly impossible even for a popular opera-writer, to make such an income by his works as would allow him to live comfortably, and lay by something from his savings; and, if this was Rossini's experience, what must naturally have been the fate of those who were greater than he, and who wrote for far more scanty and less wealthy audiences? Handel, it is true, left a handsome fortune behind him; but, like Shakspeare, he earned it as a theatrical manager. Sebastian Bach earned a very modest competency as a teacher and organist; but the sale of his wonderful works would not have kept him in bread, even without the cheese. Mozart and Beethoven barely drove the wolf from the door; and Mendelssohn, happily for himself, was the son of a tolerably wealthy father. But the saddest case of all was that of Schubert, the majority of whose works were wholly unsalable, while from those which were most popular he gained only a wretched pittance."

Here we have the great masters of music starving, or next door to starving, while some pretty fool of an opera singer is having the wealth of kings and nobles and merchant princes lavished upon her.

But of all overpaid people, and overrewarded people generally, we think that actors and actresses and opera singers and female dancers are the most so. It is a consolation to reflect sometimes that the world for the most part is a congregation of asses. When one is able to settle for a time upon a charitable conclusion like this, he thinks the glaring injustice of such cases as we have quoted all in character, and finds a degree of spiritual comfort in laughing at fashionable follies.

LOTTERIES.

We see it stated that a recent lottery suit in New York has brought to light the fact that no less than *six millions of dollars* per annum is received from the sale of lottery tickets; a large portion of this amount being from those who should not spend a cent except for the necessaries of life.

This reminds us that several years ago we were told, to our great surprise, by one who seemed to be in a position to know, that more money was spent by the poorer classes of this city for lottery tickets, or lottery policies, as they are now termed, than was spent for ardent spirits.

And yet, at the time we were told this, so well is the whole thing concealed, we did not suppose that one thousand dollars a year was being squandered on lotteries.

These facts go to show how doubtful is the policy of repressive laws. Probably there are ten times more unfairness and cheating in the lottery business now than there used to be. And is there less gambling? Even as to lotteries, it is questionable.

And when you add to the lotteries, the immense amount of gambling in stocks and in gold—gambling done as far as possible with loaded dice, and the evils of which to society far surpass the evils of the lottery system—we think we may well question the power of law to prevent and extirpate such immoralities. The true and potent remedy, as it seems to us, must go deeper—to the reason and to the heart. If this remedy fails, we doubt the policy of using coercive measures to protect men against themselves. Such measures may ensure an outward appearance of innocency, as in the case before us—for no stranger would suppose there was a lottery-office in Philadelphia—but they

"Will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen."

What is gained by banishing the devil, if he goes and allies himself with two other devils—deceit and hypocrisy—and comes back and takes secret possession of his old haunts? Is not the last state of that man worse than the first?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Our readers will oblige us very much by not asking us to return their manuscripts. We really have not the time. If an article is sent to us, and the writer does not hear from us in a few weeks or months, please consider it as equivalent to a rejection. An article may have merit, and yet not suit our purposes. And always keep a copy of everything sent to us that you wish to preserve.

☞ A showman at Omaha exhibits one of his eyes, preserved in a bottle, which, he tells the audience, "was gouged out in a free fight in the early days of this yere town."

THE DOG.

It shows perhaps the Hebrew animus towards the lower animals, that the Dog,—that emblem of Courage, Fidelity and Disinterested Love,—is seldom if ever alluded to in the Old Testament, save in terms of ignominy and contempt. "Is thy servant a *dog*, that he should do this thing," &c. And even the Apostles put Dogs in very bad company.

On the other hand, many branches of the great Aryan stock—perhaps all—cherish a great respect and fondness for the Dog. The following extract from the sacred books of the Parsees, or ancient Persians, is instructive in this connection:—

"Creator! what is the penalty for him who wounds a cattle-dog dangerously, so that its living power is weakened? And Ahura-Mazda answered: Eight hundred blows with the horse-goad, and eight hundred with the *craosho-charana*.

"Creator! What is the penalty for him who wounds a village-dog dangerously, so that its living power is weakened? And Ahura-Mazda answered: Seven hundred blows with the horse-goad, and seven hundred with the *craosho-charana*.

"Creator! What amount of sin does he contract who gives insufficient food to a cattle-dog? And Ahura-Mazda answered: The same amount of sin as if he had given bad food to the master of an illustrious house in the material world.

"Creator! What amount of sin does he contract who gives insufficient food to a street-dog? And Ahura-Mazda answered: The same amount of sin as if he had given bad food to the master of a second-rate house in the material world.

"Creator! What amount of sin does he contract who gives bad food to a puppy? And Ahura-Mazda answered: The same amount of sin as if he had injured, by giving bad food, a human child.

"I, Ahura-Mazda, I have created the dog, clothed him, and shod him. When he is well, and by thy hearth, then the thief and the wolf will not come nigh thy village, and rob thee of thy goods."

Among the Hindoos, who come from the same Aryan stock, we find even what seems to us a ridiculous amount of tenderness for the lower animals, so that they not only refrain from eating them, but even have hospitals expressly for their use. Probably, however, the doctrine of Metempsychosis has much to do with this. One would not like to abuse a dog, much less to kill and eat a sheep or ox, if he thought there was a possibility of either being his grandfather.

PREJUDICES.

What are called by narrow and superficial thinkers wicked Prejudices, are often the very voices of Nature and of God in the human soul. They are often the cry of Refinement and Mental Superiority—the proud inward results of long centuries of heroic and cultivated life—do not debase us by too familiar contact with the low, the vulgar, the mean. In trying to save others, do not yourselves become castaways.

ICE.—Experiments made in Germany by the military authorities show that a sheet of ice three inches thick affords a perfectly safe passage for infantry or horses marching in single file, and for light carriages; with a thickness of six inches it will bear all sorts of wagons and cannon. The strength of the ice may be increased by covering it with straw and laying planks under the wagon-wheels.

We would respectfully suggest that a great deal depends in such experiments as the above, upon the fact whether the ice is old or new. New ice, frozen in a short time by a strong frost, will bear much more in proportion to its thickness than rotten old ice. We have played "kidley-benders" when we were young, often enough to know this. New ice will bend a good deal before it will break. Old ice, especially during a thaw, will bend very little.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LOST SIR MASSINGBERD. A Romance of Real Life. By the author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada. A well written and powerful novel. Many of our readers will doubtless remember that it was published in THE POST several years ago.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE. For April. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW AND AMERICAN BUILDERS' JOURNAL. By SAMUEL SLOAN, Architect. For March. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Market Street, Philada.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHTS. By MARK M. POMEROY, author of "Sense," and "Nonsense." With Thirty Illustrations by H. L. Stephens. Published by Carleton, Madison Square, New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE SCIENTIFIC JOURNAL.—Among other articles is one upon the subject of a new Amateur Drawing Room for Philadelphia, in which private theatricals may be performed. The building in use now, the Seventeenth Street Theatre, is becoming entirely too small for the growing needs of the city, and a plan is here given for a new one, larger and better ventilated, in which amateur dramatic talent may develope freely.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. Published by Littell & Gay, Boston.

THE TRANSATLANTIC. A Popular Weekly, containing choice selections of Foreign Current Literature. Published by L. R. Hamersly & Co., Philada.

☞ It is probable that before long electricity will become the motive power of sewing-machines. At the Fair of the American Institute last fall there was on exhibition a small electric-engine, the power of which was applied to a sewing-machine. Since then improvements have been made, simplifying the apparatus, and resulting in what promises to be one of the most useful inventions of the period. Working on a machine will by this means be far easier for the operator, and also prevent the liability to various injurious effects which sometimes result from the constant strain upon the lower limbs.

☞ Lake Ontario was frozen over a few days since from the Canada to the American shore, and as far east and west as the eye could reach. This is the first time that the great lake has been ice-bound for many years.

School Gymnastics.

We find the following in the Indianapolis Journal. It is worth considering:—

"We published a brief item the other day about a little girl, daughter of Mr. Wm. M. Meredith, assistant foreman of this Journal, who is afflicted with a nervous twitching and jerking, supposed to have been caused by the severe course of exercise prescribed in the public schools. *Since then we have heard of half a dozen other cases of children similarly affected.* Quite a number of children have been seriously, if not permanently and hopelessly, injured by this diabolical course of gymnastic torture, which had its origin in the jackassories of Dio Lewis. A gentleman whose little girl has been physically developed in this style, describes her as going through the motions in her sleep, so completely has her physical system been 'developed' by the severe and unrelenting discipline. We do not object to 'physical development.' In fact, under proper restrictions, and superintended by persons who have the capacity of distinguishing between the different varieties of physical and nervous condition, physical education is a valuable auxiliary of mental education. But the trouble with our educators is the effort to apply a common rule to a hundred different temperaments, not recognising the fact what may be one pupil's meat is another's poison. This is especially the Massachusett's idea, and we regret to see it obtain supremacy in the management of our common schools. We hope that, in future, teachers may be permitted to exercise their discretion, and may not be bound down by iron rules, unalterable as the Medes and Persians."

[*Note.*—All children, it is evident, are not "created equal," in their ability to endure either physical or mental exercise.]

☞ We are gradually learning more and more respecting the constitution of the sun, and what we do learn fills us with increasing astonishment. The so-called "red flames" are now ascertained to be "fiery coods, consisting mainly of hydrogen gas, heated so powerfully as to become self-luminous." Their dimensions are enormous, often not less 100,000 miles in diameter.

☞ THE FIRST PIANO IN JAPAN.—Letters from Yokohama state that the chief officers of the naval expedition sent by the Austrian Government to the East have had an audience of the Mikado, who expressed great admiration at the presents, chiefly of Hungarian manufacture, which had been sent him by the Emperor. One of them is a piano, and an *attache* of the Austrian Embassy having played several pieces on this instrument before the Mikado, who had never seen a piano before, the latter was so pleased that he at once directed his wife to take lessons. Her majesty is to be instructed in the use of the instrument by Lady Parkes, the wife of the British Ambassador at Yeddo.

☞ This anecdote is told of a once-famous London actress. At a rather advanced period of her career she married a great actor younger than herself. There was gossip thereon in the green-room. Said one lady, "I believe she acted most frankly; she told him, when he proposed for her, all her history, every one of her adventures." Said a second lady, uplifting her eyebrows, "What candor!" "Yes," added a third, raising hands and eyes in wonder, "but what a memory!"

☞ The School Board at Memphis has adopted a resolution prohibiting all religious exercises in the public schools.

☞ A Schenectady justice of the peace decides that a "verbal contract is not good without a stamp."

☞ The Senate Foreign Committee, by a vote of 5 to 2, have decided to report against the ratification of the San Domingo Treaty.

☞ How many apples did our first parents eat in the garden of Eden? Eve 8 and Adam 2.

☞ Boston has had twenty-five snows this season, the twenty-fifth being the biggest of all.

☞ According to the Revolution there is a faro bank on Fourteenth street, Washington, kept by a woman, where the women clerks of the Treasury go to gamble their salaries away.

☞ A citizen of Boston, who wants to see the national debt wiped out, has just contributed ten cents toward that object.

☞ Mr. Alcott says "that Emerson makes his books in this way:—Every metaphor that occurs to the Concord sage is put into his commonplace book. Once in a while it occurs to him that he must have material for a winter lecture. Then he looks over his commonplace book and finds, perhaps, twenty pages, here and there, on separate sheets on 'Beauty.' After having collected those pages together, he reads them before a lyceum, and those passages which are applauded he forms into an essay, which he sends to his publishers."

☞ The income of Henry Ward Beecher, in his early days, averaged $150 per year, and in his literal poverty he built his own house, painted it at leisure hours, raised his own vegetables and tended his pigs, while letters from home, on which the postage was eighteen or twenty-four cents, remained in the post-office weeks at a time, because he had no eighteen cents to pay for them.

☞ The co-operative grocery store of North Bridgewater, Massachusetts, was started in July, 1869, with a capital stock of $3,000, divided into 600 shares of $5 each. After paying all expenses, such as for rent, horse and express wagon, fitting up store, $625 remained. With this sum groceries were purchased in Boston. During the first week $1,600 were taken in over the counter. The net profits at the half yearly settlement amounted to $1,200. From this eight per cent. was paid on the capital, and ten per cent. was invested in the contingent fund, leaving $660, or over 20 per cent. to be divided among the shareholders.

☞ The passenger car of the Broadway Pneumatic Tunnel is about the size of an ordinary street car, and is illuminated by a single sircon light. The mineral sircon ranks among precious stones, and different varieties are in color brown, red, yellow, gray, white, or translucent. Two small cylinders of compressed oxygen and hydrogen are carried on the car, from which pipes extend to a small burner that supports a piece of sircon, not more than a quarter of an inch long and an eighth of an inch in diameter. Against this little pencil of sircon the two gases impinge, and heat it so intensely as to make it glow with a clear and steady light. The sircon pencil is, in effect, the wick of the light, and will last for months. It requires very little adjustment from day to day, and will burn seven hours without attention.

☞ Tippling in Oshkosh is called "holding communication with disembottled spirits."

☞ Relative to railroad accidents, the Booth rail, consisting of a steel tread rolled upon an iron base, without rivets, is said to be a perfect protection against accidents by broken rails, for it is impossible that the fracture of the steel should be vertically over the fracture of the iron whereby both are held in place. It has been so widely tested in use on the Central and on the Erie itself, and on many Western roads, that an accident by broken rails is almost culpable.

☞ Paper petticoats at fifteen cents retail are the latest sensation in Boston.

☞ The New York Sun says: "It is possible that the steamship City of Boston has been run down by some British mail steamer, whose captain forgot to mention it on his arrival in port. It might be well to ask some of the British captains if they did not feel a slight jar at any time during their passage."

☞ Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker doesn't have a pleasant time of it, altogether, in New Orleans. She has been arrested for wearing male clothing, and discharged with the warning that every time she appeared in the street in that costume she would be locked up.

☞ "Be you good?" asked a bright little chap of Miss ——, his Sabbath school teacher, the other day. "Oh, no," was the becoming reply. "You ain't! Well, I know you wasn't pretty, but I always thought you was good."

☞ A little four-year old boy in Richmond, Va., on being asked by his mother if he would not like to be an angel and have wings, replied that he had rather be a hawk and live on chickens.

☞ Not long since a Chicago paper had an account of the finding of a Chinaman's head in a tea chest, but worded the article so that the reader would think it was a full-grown head, instead of which it was a little stone idol, in the shape of a head, about as large as a hickory nut. Last week one of the truthful illustrated papers had a picture of the occurrence, as large as life, with a woman horrified at the "grinning head." A good sell on the paper that always has an artist on the spot.

☞ King Louis, of Bavaria, is building hanging gardens on the roof of his palace. It is an immense arched building of glass, extending over the greater part of the palace and court-yard, and filled with the rarest exotics, and the most magnificent floral productions of the tropics.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market continues dull. 1300 bbls of Pennsylvania extra family sold for shipment at $5,50, and 8,00 bbls, including superfine, at $4,25@4,50; extra at $4,75@5; Pennsylvania extra family at $5@5,75; North-West extra family $5,50@6 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $6,50@7,25 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour is unchanged—400 bbls sold at $4,62½@4,75.

GRAIN—Prices are unchanged; 30,000 bus of Pennsylvania, Western, and Southern red sold at $1,22@1,25 for fair to prime, and 7000 bus of white at $1,45@1,60 ₩ bus. Rye 3500 bus of Pennsylvania and Western sold in lots at 90@96c ₩ bus. Corn—110,000 bus of yellow sold in lots at 90@91c. Oats—70,000 bus sold at 54@55c ₩ bus. Barley—3000 bus two-rowed New York sold at 85c.

PROVISIONS—The market continues very dull. Sales of 500 bbls new Mess Pork at $26. Mess Beef may be quoted at $11@12 ₩ bbl. Beef Hams are quoted at $31@32 ₩ bbl. Bacon; sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 17@19c; Excelsior Hams at 18c; Sides at 15@16c, and Shoulders at 12c. Lard; sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 14@15c for steam and kettle rendered; kegs at 16c. Butter; sales of good roll at 25@28c. Cheese; sales at 16@17c. Eggs sell at 25@27c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—700 bales middlings sold at 21½@22½c for uplands and 22@24½c ₩ ℔ for New Orleans.

BARK—Quercitron has declined $3 ₩ ton. 50 hhds No. 1 sold at $28 ₩ ton.

FEATHERS—There is a steady demand for prime Western at 80@82c ₩ ℔.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay, ₩ 100 lbs, $1,40@1,50; mixed do, $1,25@1,30; Straw, $1,20@1,50.

HOPS—Sales of New York at 18@30c and Wisconsin at 15@25c ₩ ℔.

IRON—In Pig Iron there is very little doing; we quote No. 1 at $34@35. Bar Iron is quoted at $75@81 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Cloverseed—Sales of 3000 bus at $7,75@8,25. Timothy commands $5@5,50. Flaxseed sells slowly at $2,35 ₩ bushel.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1700 head. The prices realized from 9½@10 cts ₩ ℔. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—13,600 head were disposed of at from 7@8½c ₩ ℔. 3000 Hogs sold at from $12,00 to 13,00 ₩ 100 lbs.

PALINDROME.—H. R. S. sends us the following Palindrome,—a sentence which reads forwards and backwards the same. It is supposed to be the last words of Judas:—

Reviled did I live; O to evil I did deliver.

Any person desiring work as agent, by addressing at once E. THOMPSON, Hoboken, N. J., will learn of something that will net them from $18 to $30 a week. mar26-3m

Coughs.—The administration of medicinal preparations in the form of a *lozenge* is of all modes the most eligible and convenient, more especially as regards a cough remedy. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Cough Lozenges, allay irritation which induces coughing, giving instant relief in bronchitis hoarseness, influenza, and consumptive and asthmatic complaints.

☞ **Crompton's Imperial** *LAUNDRY SOAP* is *the* best.
Manufactory 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 Rutger's Place, and 33 and 35 Jefferson Street.
☞ Office, 84 Front Street, New York.
ap2-6m

The Ladies' Sorosis Club, of New York, recently changed their discussions from woman's suffrage to Hair preparations and Pimple Banishers. They declared that where nature had not endowed them with beauty, it was their right—yes, their duty—to seek it where they could. So they all voted that Magnolia Balm overcame Sallowness, rough Skin, and Ring-marks, and gave to the complexion a most *distingue* (Sorosian) and marble-like appearance (dangerous to men, no doubt); and that Lyon's Kathairon made the Hair grow thick, soft, and awful pretty, and moreover prevented it from turning gray. If the proprietors of these articles did not send the sisters an invoice, they are not smart. mar12-1m

What Makes your Hair so Beautiful?

"London	Gray	Hair Color	stops	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color		Restorer."
"London	Hair	Hair Color	Hair	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color		Restorer."
"London	Restored	Hair Color	from	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color		Restorer."
"London	*to its*	Hair Color	fall-	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color	ing.	Restorer."
"London	*natural*	Hair Color	cures	Restorer."
"London		Hair Color	Dan-	Restorer."
"London	*color.*	Hair Color	druff.	Restorer."

Only 75 cents a bottle. Sold by all dealers, and by SWAINE & SON, 320 North Sixth street, Philadelphia. mar12-cowtf

Psychomancy, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. It can be obtained by sending address, with 10 cents postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth st., Philadelphia. oct9-1y

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BY HANCE'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find *Hance's Epileptic Pills* to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted; they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.

PHILADELPHIA, October 10, 1867.
To SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times. I was generally attacked without any premonitory symptoms. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I would be or whatever be occupied with, and I was severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in myself. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. In February, 1865, I commenced to use your Pills. I only had two attacks afterward. The last one was on the 5th of April, 1865, and they were of a less serious character. With the blessing of Providence, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known everywhere, that persons who are similarly affected may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 805 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WILLIAM ELDER.

CURE OF A CHILD.

SARDIS, PANOLA Co., MISS., Oct. 20, 1868.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—As a matter of justice and gratitude to you, I desire, unasked, to state the following facts. My eldest son, Fred, was taken with spasms, or Epileptic Fits, in the summer of 1865, and continued to be afflicted with them to a most distressing extent, until both myself and the physicians attending him feared he would never be relieved. I was advised by Major Guy, of Grenaday, of your Pills, and ordered two boxes. This I think was last winter. Since receiving them, Fred has had but one slight spasm, where he used to have them twice or more, sometimes five times monthly. When the supply gave out I ordered more, and he has used them all, and is now by permission of my family physician at school, which he was forbidden to attend before, and I sincerely hope entirely cured. I will add that before sending for them, I heard upon inquiry of several instances in which they had been successfully used. You are at liberty to use this as you think proper, for the virtue of the Pills should be universally known. Very resp'y, J. F. SIMMONS.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS
By Hance's Epileptic Pills.

MONTGOMERY, TEXAS, June 20, 1867.

TO SETH S. HANCE.—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits or Epilepsy for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals from two to four weeks, and oftentimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they continued until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which condition he would continue for a day or two after the fits had ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without any success. Having seen your advertisement in the Philadelphia *Courier*, I concluded I would try your remedy. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, and gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a stout, healthy man, and is about thirty years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, which was ten years since. He was my principal wagoner, and has, since that time, been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your remedy, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DE FREESE.

CAN EPILEPSY BE CURED?

We think the following from a respectable citizen of Mississippi will answer the question, and remove all doubts from every unbiassed mind:

GRENADA, MISS., June 5, 1865.
SETH S. HANCE, Baltimore, Md.

Dear Sir—I take great pleasure in relating a case of spasms or fits, cured by your invaluable Pills. My brother, J. J. Ligon, has long been afflicted with this awful disease. He was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first; but as he grew older, they seemed to increase likewise. Up to that time he commenced taking your Pills, he had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered seriously; but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of those fits. He has enjoyed fine health for the last five months past. His mind has also returned to its original rightfulness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating, as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours respectfully, &c., W. P. LIGON.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?
The Subjoined Will Answer.

GRENADA, MISS., June 20.

SETH S. HANCE—Dear Sir—You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills.

I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took agreeably to your directions. *He has never had a fit since.*

It was through my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life, or at least a good many years. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a chance of hearing from their effect have they failed to cure. Yours, &c., C. H. GUY.
Grenada, Yalabusha county, Miss.

A VOICE FROM VIRGINIA.

CABIN POINT, Surry County, Va.

DR. SETH S. HANCE:—I was in Baltimore in April, 1864, and from a paper I received of yours was induced to buy a box of your Pills, recommended as a sovereign cure for the Epileptic Fits. At that time one of my servants had been afflicted with fits about twelve years. When reaching home, I commenced with the Pills according to directions. I do not think she has had one since. My wife, though, is somewhat induced to believe she may have had one only. Enclosed you will find five dollars, for which you will please forward them by mail. Your compliance will oblige me. Yours, respectfully,
M. P. SIMMONS.

THE TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

DURANT'S NECK, Perquimans Co., N. C., Oct. 1st.

S. S. HANCE—Dear Sir:—Having been afflicted with falling fits for some years past, I determined to give your Pills a trial, (advertisement of which I saw in some of the papers,) and continued to use them for some months, until I was entirely cured. I believe them to be a first-rate article; and since I have used them I have not had one attack, and am now in the enjoyment of good health. I am, very respectfully, yours, &c., JONATHAN J. JACONS.

P. S.—The Pills were recommended to me by Mr. Nathan Newby, of this county, to whose address you sent them.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, $3; two, $5; twelve, $27. feb19-13t

BEAUTY! BEAUTY!!
Strong, Pure, and Rich Blood, Increase of Flesh and Weight, Clear Skin, and Beautiful Complexion Secured to all through Dr.
Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the waste of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands, and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumorous discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, and all wastes of the Life Principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for, when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases, but it is the only positive cure for Kidney, Bladder, Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substance like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid dark, bilious appearance, and white bone dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back along the loins. In all these conditions Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent aided by the application of Radway's Ready Relief to the spine and small of the back, and the bowels regulated with one or two of Radway's Regulating Pills per day, will soon make a complete cure. In a few days, the patient will be enabled to hold and discharge his water naturally without pain, and the Urine will be restored to its natural clear, and amber or sherry color.

Price one dollar per bottle. Sold by druggists everywhere. feb 19-tf

The Season and its Dangers.

The human body is chiefly composed of tissues and fibres as sensitive to every change in the condition of the atmosphere as the most delicate electrometer, or the quicksilver in a barometer tube.

The stomach, the skin, the nerves, the lungs, and the excretory organs are especially liable to be affected by these variations, and the best defence against their disastrous tendency is to keep the digestive machinery, which feeds and nourishes the whole system, in good working order.

If the stomach is weak or disordered neither the blood nor the bile can be in a healthy state, and upon the fitness of these two important fluids for the offices assigned to them by nature, and the regularity of their flow, health in a great measure depends.

When the air is heavily laden with chilling vapors, as it often is at this season of the year, the digestion should be an object of peculiar care. If it is weak and languid, the whole physical structure will be enervated. If it is vigorous, the entire organization will be strong to resist the untoward and depressing influence of a damp and vitiated atmosphere.

A pure and powerful tonic is therefore especially needed as a safeguard against the diseases most common in the spring, and HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS being the most wholesome and potent medicine of the class at present known, a course of it is particularly advisable at this period of the year. The stomach will thereby be toned and strengthened, the liver and bowels regulated, the nervous system braced up, and nature put in a state of active defence against the miasma which superinduces intermittent and remittent fevers, rheumatisms, nervous debility, headache, hypochondria and other complaints which are apt to assail the untoned and unfortified organizations. The body is strengthened without exciting the brain, and consequently no unpleasant reaction follows its reviving and renovating operation. mar5-4t

What Every Horseman Wants:

A good, cheap, and reliable liniment. Such an article is *Dr. Tobias' Venetian Horse Liniment*. Pint bottles at one dollar. For lameness, cuts, galls, colic, sprains, &c., warranted better than any other. It is used by all the great horsemen on Long Island courses. It will not cure ring bone nor spavin, as there is no liniment in existence that will. What it is stated to cure it positively does.

No owner of horses will be without it after trying one bottle. One dose revives and often saves the life of an over-heated or driven horse. For colic and bellyache it has never failed. Just as sure as the sun rises, just so sure is this valuable Liniment to be the Horse Embrocation of the day.

Use it one and all. Sold by the druggists and storekeepers throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. mra5-4t

Important Notice.—*All Soldiers and Sailors* who have lost an *arm* or *leg* in the service—or since on account of wounds or injuries—will find it to their advantage to call at or address General Collection Agency, No. 128 South Seventh st., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEAGUE & Co., sept-1y

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, MALCOLM MURPHY to Miss MARY HAAS, both of this city.

On the 16th of Nov., by the Rev. H. D. Kurtz, Mr. JAMES B. VANDERBILT to Miss EMELINE FRAZ, both of Camden.

On the 26th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JAMES B. FURY to Miss EMMA BAYNE, both of this city.

On the 10th of Feb., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr. GEORGE KLAUDER to Miss ALIMA BARNES, both of this city.

On the 31st of Jan., by the Rev. Mr. Henson, Mr. JOHN F. BERKELBACH to Miss SALLIE A. DICKINSON, both of this city.

On the 25th of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. H. Wood, Mr. JOSEPH C. FORSYTH to Miss KATE, daughter of the late Geo. Brewer, Esq., both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th instant, LOUISA H., daughter of James H. and Sarah S. Stevens.

On the 15th instant, ELLEN J., wife of Charles L. Bennett, in her 34th year.

On the 15th instant, MARY M., daughter of John and Mary Mitton, aged 18 years.

On the 14th instant, LEWIS W. HAMPTON, in his 31st year.

On the 13th instant, SADIE, wife of Wm. Fairman, aged 27 years.

On the 13th instant, RICHARD SIMPSON, Esq., in his 52d year.

On the 13th instant, THOMAS BUTLER, in his 58th year.

On the 13th instant, THOMAS J. WAGNER, aged 30 years.

On the 11th instant ELIZABETH, wife of Daniel Nilbert, in her 31st year.

PROSPECTUS.

We announce the following Novelets as already engaged for publication:—

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelet

By MRS. MARGARET HOSMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Reefs," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novelets by Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Hosmer, Miss Prescott, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT and HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEIPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. *It was engraved in England, at a cost of* $2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, *paying in advance*, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 5 cents.

Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. Froude, in his latest volume of English history, is very severe on the character and conduct of Queen Elizabeth. He depicts her as an habitual and mean liar, a peevish, bad-tempered, ill-mannered woman, and a temporising, vacillating, untrustworthy sovereign, whose parsimony, and variableness, and small cunning, would have ruined herself and her kingdom, but for the fact that she had two great statesmen beside her, and that good-luck continually picked her out of the imbroglios into which she had fallen. She lied to her enemies, and she lied to her friends; and then she "flew out" at the latter when the ill results of her procrastination and deceit became visible. Supposed to be the champion and mainstay of Protestantism in Europe, she not only coquetted with Catholic alliances and refused her aid to the Protestant movement in the Low Countries, but she herself detested the Puritans, and even promised to consider whether she might not return to the Catholic Church. Her treatment of the states at that critical period of their history was on a par with her usage of Alençon, the unhappy Frenchman whom she tossed about with promises of marriage and polite dismissals until he had become the ridicule of Europe. Again and again she drove Burleigh and Walsingham to despair. They anticipated nothing but the ruin of the realm from her political coquetries, which had become a scandal. Mr. Froude says: "It was like dancing on a tight-rope. Her movements may have been extremely clever, but they were also extremely dangerous. She was playing with France, playing with Alençon, playing with the states, half false to all, half sincere to all. She was trifling with her own credit, and trying the patience of statesmen who, on the whole, were the wisest that ever served a European sovereign. Leicester, whose influence with her was the strongest, who had least right to be shocked at moral improprieties, had yet intelligence enough to see the political effect of his mistress's performances. Though Alençon had engaged himself elsewhere, the Duke of Guise was intriguing with effect in Scotland. A Spanish-Italian invasion, though Elizabeth refused to believe it, was impending over Ireland. The most formidable enemy that she possessed was at work in the very heart of England. 'The more I love her,' wrote Leicester, 'the more fearful am I to see such dangerous ways taken. God of His mercy help all, and give us all here about her grace to discharge our duties; for never was there more need, nor never stood this crown in like peril. God must now uphold the queen by miracle: ordinary helps are past cure.'" It is, however, in her later treatment of Alençon that she appears most despicable; and it is, indeed, hard to believe that this vain, bad-tempered, irresolute, and deceitful old woman of whom we read is really the great Elizabeth of England.

☞ HOW TO MAKE A HYPOCRITE.—The following is a verbatim report of a conversation which recently took place between a father and his model child:

Father—"My son, which would you rather do, learn a hymn or eat a bun?"

Model son (who had been questioned before)—"Father, I would rather learn a hymn."

Father—"Then, my son, you shall have two buns."

☞ South Carolina has shipped three thousand tons of white clay to the Northern candy-makers.

THE MISSING SHIPS.

BY ALBERT LAIGHTON.

O, thou ever restless sea,
"God's half-uttered mystery,"
Where are all the ships that sailed so gallantly away?
Tell us, will they never more
Furl their wings and come to shore?
Eyes still watch and fond hearts wait; precious freight had they.

Precious freight! ay, wealth untold,
More than merchandise and gold,
Did the stately vessels bear o'er the heaving main:
Human souls are dearer far
Than all earthly treasures are,
And for them we weep and pray: must it be in vain?

In the silence of the night,
Did they, with a wild affright,
Wake to hear the cry of "fire!" echo to the stars?
While the cruel, snake-like flame,
Creeping, coiling, hissing came
O'er the deck, and up the masts, and out along the spars!

As the doomed ship swayed and tossed
Like a mighty holocaust
Did they with despairing cries leap into the waves?
Or with folded hands and eyes
Lifted to the peaceful skies,
Calmly go with prayerful hearts to their nameless graves?

Did the black wings of the blast
Poise and hover o'er the mast,
Till at last in wrath they swept o'er the crowded deck—
Leaving not a soul to tell
How the long and awful swell
Of the ocean's troubled breast bore a dismal wreck?

Or with shattered hulk and sail,
Riding out the stormy gale,
Did the brave ship slowly sink deeper day and night—
Drifting, drifting wearily
O'er the wide and trackless sea.
Loved ones starving, dying there, with no sail in sight?

Or when winds and waves were hushed,
While each cheek with joy was flushed,
As they glided gently on, hope in every breast,
With a sudden leap and shock,
Did they strike some hidden rock,
And go down, forever down, to their dreamless rest?

Did the strange and spectral fleet
Of the icebergs round them meet,
Pressing closer till they sank crushing to the deep?
Do these crystal mountains loom,
Monuments of that vast tomb,
In the ocean's quiet depths where so many sleep?

O, thou ever-surging sea,
Vainly do we question thee;
Thy blue waves no answer bring as they kiss the strand;
But we know each coral grave,
Far beneath the rolling wave,
Shall at last give up its dead, touched by God's right hand.

THE WAY TO WEALTH,

As Clearly Shown in the Preface of an old Pennsylvania Almanac, entitled "Poor Richard Improved."

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

When Franklin was twenty-seven years of age (1732), he commenced the issue of "Poor Richard's Almanac," under the name of Richard Saunders. One of the features of this almanac which rendered it at that day most attractive and useful, was the great number of maxims of practical, proverbial wisdom, with which its pages were richly stored. "I filled," says Franklin, "all the little spaces that occurred between the remarkable days in the calendar, with proverbial sentences, chiefly such as inculcated industry and frugality as the means of procuring wealth, and thereby securing virtue; it being more difficult for a man in want to act always honestly; as, to use here one of those proverbs, *It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*" In the last number (published in 1757), he gathered these scattered maxims into a regular discourse, which he entitled "The Way to Wealth," supposed to have been delivered by an aged man to a company of both sexes at a public auction. We think the present a very appropriate time to republish it.

COURTEOUS READER:—I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse, lately, where a great many people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks—"Pray, Father Abraham, what think *you* of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we be ever able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up, and replied: "If you would have my advice, I will give it you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our *idleness*, three times as much by our *pride*, and four times as much by our *folly*; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us, by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us; for *God helps them that help themselves*, as Poor Richard says.

"I. It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on disease, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the used key is always bright*, as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of*, as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry*, and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave*, as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be*, as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality*; since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.* Let us then up and be doing and doing to the purpose; so, by diligence, shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy*; and *He that rises late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night*; while *Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee*; and *Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise*, as Poor Richard says.

"So, what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make *these* times better, if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish; and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; Then help, hands, for I have no lands*; or if I have, they are smartly taxed. *He that hath a trade hath an estate, and He that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor*, as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve; for *At the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.* Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter, for *Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.* What though you have found no treasure, nor any rich relation left you a legacy, *Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry.* Then *Plough deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.* Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. *One to-day is worth two to-morrows*, as Poor Richard says; and further, *Never leave that till to-morrow, which you can do to-day.* If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle, when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family and your country. Handle your tools without mittens, remembering that *The cat in gloves catches no mice*, as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily, and you will see great effects; for *Constant dropping wears away stones; and By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable; and Little strokes fell great oaks.*

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and Since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.* Leisure is time for doing something useful. This leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for *A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock*; whereas, industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. *Fly pleasures and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and Now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow.*

"II. But with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful; and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says—

"I never saw an oft removed tree,
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

And again, *Three removes are as bad as a fire*; and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee*; and again, *If you would have your business done, go; if not, send*; and again—

"He that by the plough would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

And again, *The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands*; and again, *Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge*; and again, *Not to oversee workmen, is to leave them your purse open.* Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for *In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it*; but a man's own care is profitable; for, *If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horse-shoe nail.*

"III. So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business. But to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will*; and—

"Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea, forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

Away, then, with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for—

"Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small, and the want great.

And further—*What maintains one vice, would bring up two children.* You may think, perhaps, that a little tea, or a little punch, now and then, or diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of *little* expenses. *A small leak will sink a great ship*, as Poor Richard says; and again—*Who dainties love, shall beggars prove*; and, moreover, *Fools make feasts, and wise men eat them.*

"Here you are all got together at this sales of fineries and knick-knacks. You call them *goods*; but if you do not take care, they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap; and perhaps they may be, for less than they cost; but, if you have no *occasion* for them, they *must be dear to you.* Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again—*At a great pennyworth pause a while.* He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says—*Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again—*It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance*; and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions, for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back, has gone with a hungry belly, and half-starved his family. *Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen-fire*, as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them? By these and other extravagances, the genteel are reduced to poverty, and forced to borrow of those they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that *A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees*, as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of. They think, *It is day, and will never be night*; that a little to be spent out of so much, is not worth minding; but *Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom*, as Poor Richard says; and then, *When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. *If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for He that goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing*, as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he, that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Richard further advises and says—

"Fond pride of dress is sure a sory curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

And again—*Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing, you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Richard says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire, than to satisfy all that follow it.* And it is as truly a folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

"Vessels large may venture more;
But little boats should keep near shore.

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, *Pride that dines on vanity, sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.* And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked and suffered? It can not promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what *madness* must it be to run *into debt* for these superfluities! We are offered, by the terms of this sale, six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah! think what you do, when you run into debt! You give to *another* power over your own liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses; and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for *The second vice is Lying, when the first is running into debt*, as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back*; whereas, a freeborn American ought not to be ashamed, nor afraid to see or to speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty sack to stand upright.*

"What would you think of that prince, or of that government, that should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman, or a gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you were free, had a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such a tyranny, when you run into debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty, by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him. When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long, will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels, as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent, who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present you may perhaps think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury; but—

"For age and want save what you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain; but ever, while you live, *expense is constant and certain*; and *It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel*, as Poor Richard says; so, *Rather go to bed supperless, than rise in debt.*

"Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

"And, when you have got this *philosopher's stone*, you will surely no longer complain of bad times, or the difficulty of paying taxes.

"IV. This doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry, and frugality, and prudence, though excellent things; for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and, therefore, ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered, and was afterward prosperous.

"And now, to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other*, as Poor Richard says, and scarcely in that; for it is true—*We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.* However, remember this: *They that will not be counselled, cannot be helped*; and further, that *If you will not hear Reason, she will surely rap your knuckles*, as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approved the doctrine, and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on those topics during the course of twenty-five years. The frequent mention he made of me must have tried any one else; my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it; and though I had at first determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer. Reader, if thou wilt do the same thy profit will be as great as mine.

I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,
RICHARD SAUNDERS.

The Ring.

The custom of wearing rings was believed to have been introduced into Rome by the Sabines, who are described in the early legends as wearing gold rings with precious stones of great value and beauty. But, at whatever time they may have been customary at Rome, at first they were *always* of iron, were destined for the same purpose as in Greece—namely, to be used as seals—and every free Roman had a right to use such a ring. This iron ring was used down to the last period of the republic by such men as loved the simplicity of the good old times. Marius wore an iron ring in his triumph over Jugurtha; and several noble families adhered to the ancient custom, and never wore gold ones. Ambassadors used gold ringsonly in public; in private they wore their iron ones. Sulla wore a ring with a gem, on which Jugurtha was represented at the moment he was made prisoner. Pompey used a ring on which three trophies were represented; and Augustus at first sealed with a sphinx, afterward with a portrait of Alexander the Great, and at last with his own portrait.

In 1580, it seemed to have been customary to give away rings at weddings, and we remember an account of Edward Kelly, the famous philosopher of Queen Elizabeth's days, at the marriage of one of his maid-servants, giving away, in gold wire, rings to the value of four thousand pounds.

The custom of using the ring when solemnizing any binding ceremony is very ancient. It was used as a pledge because the ring was a seal by which all orders were signed (Genesis xxxviii., 18; Esther iii., 10, 12.)

The ring is not given for an ornament, but as a seal to signify the woman's duty in preserving her husband's goods, and because the care of the house has heretofore properly seemed to belong to her.

St. Clement of Alexandria, speaking of the nuptial ring, explains it as "still intended for a signet."

In "Gems and Jewels," we find "the ring presented to the betrothed maiden was an iron one; a loadstone was set in place of a gem. It indicated the mutual sacrifice made by the husband and wife of their liberty; the magnet indicated the force of attraction which had drawn the maiden out of one family into another."

The circle of gold around the Hindoo heavens is the symbol of the sun's sphere, and, understood spiritually, it is the divine love surrounding and containing all. The wedding ring represents the same thing in miniature:

"And, as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw, or else to sever,
So let our love as endless prove,
And pure as gold forever."

There is an old proverb, "As your wedding-ring wears, your cares will wear away."

The wedding-ring is said to be worn on the left hand to signify the subjection of the wife to her husband, as the right hand signifies authority, power, and independence; and on the fourth finger of that hand, because of the old idea that a small artery ran from this finger to the heart.

Some old writer thus describes the ring-fingers: "For a soldier or doctor, the thumb; a sailor, the finger next; a fool, the middle-finger; a married or dilligent person, the fourth, or ring-finger; a lover, the last, or little finger."

In the ancient ritual of marriage, the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with these words: "In the name of the Father"—removing it to the forefinger, saying, "of the son;" to the middle-finger, "and of the Holy Ghost," finally leaving it on the fourth, or ring-finger, with the word "Amen."

The reason why all those who wear rings *ex officio* wear them on the fourth finger is, that it is the "first vacant finger," the thumb and first two being reserved as symbols of the three persons of the Blessed Trinity. When a bishop gives his blessing, he does so with the thumb and the first two fingers.

Lady Milton's wedding-ring was altogether the work of the noble bridegroom, being fashioned by his own hands from a nugget dug by him in British Columbia during his visit to the gold-fields, after his North-west passage by land, a few years ago.

Among the Romans, it was the custom for the man to give his intended a ring as a sign of the contract between them. In Pliny's time, it was plain iron, with a stone in it, but afterward of gold, which the engaged lady always wore in sight—a sort of *caveat emptor*, or notice to all, that she was no longer disengaged.

Some writer says, very truly: "The ring is a pretty mystic type, and suggests a great deal to a lively fancy. Thus, being round, it is obviously a symbol of perfection and of eternity, having neither beginning nor end that we can see, and is, of course, a proper emblem of love, that usually begins without notice, and ought always to be without end."

Among the Catholics, there is a form of hallowing the wedding-ring, and they believe there is virtue enough in this golden cincture to remove a sty from the eye, if rubbed with it.

In France, rings made of rushes are said to have been used in some cases of marriage.

In "Notes and Queries" may be read the following curious posies: "A ring was found near Oxford, with this expressive inscription, 'I lyke my choyce.'

"Lady Cathcart, on marrying her fourth husband, Hugh Macquire, in 1713, had the following posy inscribed on her wedding-ring:

'If I survive, I will have five.'

"In 1783 a gold ring was found on a field of battle, which had this inscription in Norman-French: '*On est mal loiaulx amans qui ne post garder des maux diaux.*' (No lovers so faithful as to be able to guard themselves against evil speakers.) Between every two words, and at the beginning of each line, is a boar's head. This being the crest of the Campbells, it is not improbable that the ring was that of the Earl of Argyle."

The ancient practice of divining by the ring was something like the modern table-rapping. They marked the alphabet on the edge of the table, then suspended a consecrated wedding-ring by a thread or hair; whatever letters it stopped over, spelled the answer. If swung in reach of a tumbler, it would strike the glass once for yes, and twice for no. If a hair is taken from the head of some one who is in the company, it will swing "toward that individual only."

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LULLABY.

Sleep, my own darling,
Bye, baby, bye;
Mother is with thee,
Bye, baby, bye.
There, baby. (Oh, how the wild winds wail!)
Hush, baby. (Turning to sleet and hail:
Ah, how the pine-tree moans and mutters!—
I wonder if Ellen will think of the shutters.)

Sleep, my own darling,
Bye, baby, bye;
Mother is with thee,
Bye, baby, bye.
Rest thee. (She couldn't have left on the blower
Down in the parlor? There's so much to show her!)
Bye-bye, my sweetest. (Now the rain's pouring!
Is it the wind or the dining-room fire that's roaring?)

Sleep, my own darling,
Bye, baby, bye;
Mother is with thee,
Bye, baby, bye.
How lovely his forehead!—my own blessed pet!—
He's nearly asleep. (Now I mustn't forget
That pork in the brine, and the stair-rods to-morrow.)
God shield him forever from trouble and sorrow!

Sleep, my own darling,
Bye, baby, bye;
Mother is with thee,
Bye, baby, bye.
Those dear little ringlets, so silky and bright!
(I do hope the muffins will rise nice and light.)
How lovely he is! (Yes, she said she could fry.)
Oh, what would I do if my baby should die?

Sleep, my own darling,
Bye, baby, bye;
Mother is with thee,
Bye, baby, bye.
Dear Father in heaven, oh! spare him, I pray—
My own precious baby! (It's clearing away;
The moon's coming out; and there's no wind at all.
We may have good drying, for once, after all.)

Sleep, my own darling,
Bye, baby, bye;
Mother is with thee,
Bye, baby, bye.
That sweet little hand, and the soft, dimpled cheek!
Sleep, darling. (I'll have his clothes shortened this week.
How tightly he's holding my dress. I'm afraid
He'll wake when I move. There! his bed isn't made.

Sleep, my own darling,
Bye, baby, bye;
Mother is with thee,
Bye, baby, bye.
(No matter; the sofa will do for a minute;
The arm-chair 'd be better, if puss wasn't in it.
He's off now—the blessed! How funny it seems
That an innocent baby should scowl in its dreams!)

Sleep, my own darling,
There, baby, there;
Mother will lay thee
Snug in the chair.
(He's settled at last. But I can't leave him so,
Though I ought to be going this instant, I know.
There's every thing standing and waiting down stairs:
Ah me, but a mother is cumbered with cares.)

GEORGE CANTERBURY'S WILL.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

Without giving himself the trouble to knock, the Major opened the green-baize door, which was rarely bolted in the day-time, and entered. Fry came flying out of the room close by, and stood in utter astonishment at sight of the visitor.

"Which room is your mistress in?"

"She—she's in her sitting-room, sir," was Fry's answer, when her surprise allowed her to speak, "I'll tell her you are here."

Caroline was lying on the sofa. She felt equally surprised with Fry at sight of the Major, but did not evince it. Rising from the sofa, she coldly shook hands with him, and then sat down on it. The Major had seemed to understand for some time now that he must not attempt any warmer greeting.

"How are you, my dear?" inquired the Major, taking up the position he had taken below—his back to the fire.

"Middling. I am not very strong."

"Dear me! You look pretty well, too."

At that moment perhaps she did. A red flush, born of aversion and other complicated feelings, had risen to her face latterly whenever he appeared in her presence, and was illumining it now.

"I've been wanting to run down for this week past; couldn't get the time until yesterday," cried the truthful Major. "Lots of duties on hand just now in town."

"A pity you left them."

"Came down to see you and Ker, and how things were getting on here. Wish you could pick up a bit, my dear."

Mrs. Dawkes, sitting in what seemed to be the completest state of apathy, made no response. He began again:

"Hear you've had a visitor to-day—Kage. Awfully astonished, to find he was down here. Passed him in the street in town but a few days ago."

Again no answer.

"What has Kage come to Chilling for?"

"I did not ask him."

"Lively and agreeable this," thought the Major. And no doubt it was.

"I hope Kage came for the purpose of seeing you, Caroline, my dear. It's good to be remembered by one's old acquaintances."

"He did not come to see me. If he had come for that, he would have said so."

"Does he make a long stay?"

"He goes again to-night, or to-morrow; I forget which he said. Keziah would know."

Beyond these short answers, nothing could the Major get. He strove to make himself agreeable; told an amusing anecdote or two; but they sufficed not to arouse Caroline from her cold resentful state. The Major swallowed down about fifteen yawns.

"By the way," said he, briskly, "there used to be some fencing-sticks of mine at the Rock. Do you happen to know where they were put?"

"I don't know anything about them."

"I had them here when we were first married, Caroline. Briscoe came down to say, you may remember; and we used to come up to the big room of this wing—the one you make your bed-chamber now, I suppose—and have a fencing-bout."

"I don't know anything about them," repeated she, in the same inert tone.

The Major walked to the door and called Fry—telling her what he was inquiring after.

"There was a lumber-closet somewhere here; we used to throw them into it when done with. Perhaps they are in it yet."

Fry felt discomposed. It was from this self-same lumber-closet that the way led down to the postern entrance. The Major, suddenly remembering the position of the closet, threw open the door.

A way had been cleared inside it for Mr. Kage to come through on the previous night, consigning all the "lumber" on either side. It lay indiscriminately, one thing upon another. As the Major stood contemplating the interior from the door—as well as the semi-light enabled him—he faced exactly the pannelled entrance, so bare now. Well indeed was it, for the sake of justice, that the panel gave to the eye no indication of its secret opening. Fry, her eyes dilating a little, made a furious onslaught on the lumber, and blocked up the cleared passage. The Major, standing just inside, suddenly saw his wife at the entrance-door, her face pale and scared.

"What is it?" she asked. "What is the matter?"

"We are looking for the fencing sticks. Don't you come, my dear."

"Look here," said Fry, stopping in her work. "If the Major would leave me, and you'd leave me, ma'am, perhaps I might find 'em. I think I've seen 'em here."

"Whereabouts?" cried the Major, eagerly.

"I never can do anything when I'm looked at and bothered; my mistress knows I can't," was Fry's answer. "Both of you just leave me to myself, sir, and I'll find the sticks if they are to be found."

But as she spoke something caught the Major's quick eye. He drew it up; it proved to be one of the fencing-sticks. This gave an indication to the locality of the other, and it came to light soon. When Caroline went back after the investigation, her chest was heaving with ominous quickness.

"The commotion has disturbed you, I fear," observed the Major. "I'm really very sorry. These fencing-sticks—"

He was interrupted. Neel had come up to say that a visitor was below—Mrs. Dunn.

"Plague take it! who wants to see her?" cried the Major. "Mrs. Dunn! I thought she was abroad."

"The family thought so too, sir," observed Neel, who considered the old family far more than he did the new one. "Mrs. Dunn came to Chilling yesterday and surprised them."

"She's a horrid woman," cried the Major. "Will you come down, my dear?"

"No," was Mrs. Dawkes's answer.—"Just say, if you please, Neel, that I am very tired and poorly. I do not feel equal to it."

"I can say that. I suppose I must go," grumbled the Major, stalking off with his fencing-sticks.

Mrs. Dunn, in very fashionable foreign attire—quite a contrast to anything ever assumed by Keziah Dawkes—sat on a sofa in the grand drawing-room, to which Neel had shown her. There was no fire; at which she gave her head a disdainful toss, and remarked to Neel that the ways of the house appeared to be altered.

"And so they are, ma'am," answered Neel confidentially. "Miss Dawkes is manager."

"Oh! Mrs. Dawkes gives it up to her then?"

"Mrs. Dawkes has never gave a single blessed order since she came into the house this last time," was Neel's reply. "She don't care who gives 'em, and who don't; she's too ill for it, ma'am."

Major and Miss Dawkes, the latter with her knitting, presented themselves together; and Mrs. Dunn condescended to give each in succession the tip of her forefinger. Neel could not despise these new people half as much as she did. The feeling peeped out in her manner, too, in spite of her surface civility.

"Too ill to come down to me, is she?" cried Mrs. Dunn, receiving the apologies for the non-appearance of the Rock's mistress. "I hear she is ill, and I am sorry for her."

"Too tired to come, I said," corrected the Major. "On the whole, she is rather poorly."

"If what I am told be true, she is a great deal more than poorly, Major Dawkes," retorted Mrs. Dunn. "Owen, with whom I was talking this morning, fears you'll not have her very long amidst you."

"Dear me!" cried the Major, with a start of dismay. "But Owen always did look on the black side of things, I remember. *I* think her somewhat better than she was when I was here last."

"You know, I suppose, how it is—that she is alarmingly ill?" resumed Mrs. Dunn, turning the fire of her tongue on Keziah.

"I do not know that she is alarmingly ill," was Keziah's composed answer, given very slowly, for she was picking up some stitches in the everlasting knitting. "Mrs. Dawkes is certainly weak and languid; but I hope she will soon regain strength."

"It was the state she is represented to me as being in that brought me here this afternoon. I should have liked to see her, poor thing; I knew her when she was a child. It is her boy's death, they say, that has brought on her illness."

But the Major denied this rather vehemently. His wife had been at death's door before the boy died, he observed; her lungs and chest were weak.

Mrs. Dunn left her sofa without ceremony and took a seat that faced the Major and Miss Dawkes. It was this same magnificent room that had witnessed the contention about the will between Olive Canterbury and her father. Not an executed will at that time, only a purposed one. Caroline had no doubt remembered the scene often enough since, when sitting there.

"What did that boy die of, Major Dawkes?"

The question was a pointed one; especially so as Mrs. Dunn put it. Bending forward, her eyes fixed on the Major, save when they wandered to Keziah, her voice low and full of meaning—it was thus she asked it.

"It's of no use to recall it now," replied the Major, looking down on the rich carpet—out of the window—to the walls of the room. Anywhere except at her.

"But it is of use. I ask to know. You were in the midst of it; I was abroad, shut out from all news, except hearsay. As I remarked to Mr. Kage at our dinner-table last night, when I besought him to tell me."

"And pray what might he have told you, Mrs. Dunn?" inquired the Major, not with so much polite indifference as Keziah would have liked to hear.

"He said he could tell me nothing, except what I knew before—that the doctors said the boy died from poison."

"Ah, yes," replied the Major, "they did say it. But doctors are mistaken sometimes, and I think they were."

"That's rubbish, Major Dawkes," was Mrs. Dunn's complimentary answer. "You don't really think so. The doctors could not have dreamt they found opium within the boy, if none was there. Do you mean to charge them with telling a falsehood?"

Keziah's knitting was trembling a little. But she kept her attention on it. As to her lips, they seemed to be compressed into nothing. Happening to glance at her, Mrs. Dunn thought she was unusually gray.

"I don't charge them with anything, Mrs. Dunn," reasumed the Major. "I only think they were mistaken."

"And I say I don't believe you think it. The opium was in the child, safe enough; it was proved so. What I want to ask you is—who gave it him?"

Keziah looked off her knitting and took up the answer. She could bear it no longer. Her lips were turning strangely white.

"That never was ascertained. It was proved beyond all dispute or doubt that the child had not taken anything of the kind; had not been in the way of taking it. It was an absolute impossibility that any such thing had come near him."

An absolute fiddlestick," said Mrs. Dunn. "Of course it is your sister's interest and yours, Major Dawkes, to uphold this view and stifle farther inquiry; but you cannot expect common-sense people to believe it."

"To my—my interest!" retorted the Major, with a kind of stammer.

"To be sure it is. Haven't you come in for the child's money?"

"Certainly I have not," said the Major boldly. "The money reverted to the boy's mother, not to me."

"It reverted to her in name. Not, I expect, in fact. Who draws the cheques, pray? Major Dawkes, you cannot play at sophistry with me."

Major Dawkes rose and walked to the window with an air of easy carelessness, gazing out upon the setting sun. Keziah looked as if she were going to be sick.

"Had I been in England, I should have caused the investigation to be re-opened," said Mrs. Dunn. "Mr. Kage, as the boy's trustee, was culpably careless not to enforce a more searching one. One would think it would be as satisfactory to you to come to the bottom of it, as to us," she added, throwing a full look after him.

"Immensely so," acquiesced the Major. "I begged the medical men not to leave a stone unturned. The authority lay in my hands, not in Mr. Kage's; but he could have done no more than I did."

"Had I been he, I should have tried at it. There's a secret in the matter somewhere, Major Dawkes, and it ought to have been got at. It ought to be still. For two pins, I'd re-open the inquiry myself."

"It would do no earthly good, and be a frightful amount of trouble," spoke the Major, somewhat hurriedly.

"It would be a trouble, of course; but I think I should rather like it. He stood to me in the light of half-brother, absurd though it sounds to say it of a little fellow of that age."

"My firm persuasion is, that the boy died from nothing but his illness," said the Major in a candid tone, as he returned to his seat. "I went over the matter fully, point after point, at the time, and since, and I am quite unable, as my sister here knows, to arrive at any other conclusion. It was very much to be regretted that I was away from home."

"Well, it strikes me as being one of the most unaccountably mysterious cases I ever came across; nothing satisfactory about it in any way. But I can't stay to talk farther of it now," concluded Mrs. Dunn, rising to depart. "The rectory people and Thomas Kage are coming in to dine with us, and I like to take my time in dressing."

"Is Mr. Kage's visit at Chilling to you?" asked the Major on the impulse of the moment.

"I suppose it may be considered to my sister Millicent; they are engaged to be married," she replied.

And as Barnaby Dawkes heard the avowal, he felt as if a whole weight of lead had been lifted from his heart.

In an airy, graceful, sprightly manner, as though no care or dread had ever oppressed his soul, he attended Mrs. Dunn to the very extreme gates of the Rock, chatting amicably, and sending his respects to the Miss Canterburys. Keziah had disappeared when he returned, and he did not see her again until dinner. They took the meal together; Caroline remaining in her own room.

"*That's* what has brought Kage down," he observed to Keziah, alluding to the information volunteered by Mrs. Dunn of the engagement to Millicent.

"Yes, Barby dear. I knew it had nothing to do with us."

"Wish him joy of her! I'd not like one of the Canterburys for my wife. And, Keziah—keep that woman, civilly, at arm's distance; the Dunn. Don't let her get near Caroline, if you can help it. Her tongue's made of fire."

"All right," nodded Keziah.

With the morning Mr. Kage started for London. The Major stayed to see the coast clear of him, and then departed himself, his fears dispersed. Disagreeable doubts were over; and Barnaby Dawkes went gleefully back into the sunshine of the London streets, that to him might be said to be paved with gold.

CHAPTER XL.

THE LAWYER'S SECRET VISIT.

Major Dawkes departed, and the Rock was its own quiet self again. A strangely monotonous abode now, its attractions, its fine rooms, its natural beauties, going for naught to those two silent women living in it—the one so hard and gray, something like a block of stone; the other passing swiftly and surely on to the tomb that must soon incase her. That each had her inward cares, was indisputable. Keziah was never quite free from a living dread—a dread of some vague danger on Barby's account—that would not quite keep itself down; it tinted the charming landscape, it gave a bitter taste to the dishes she ate of, it poisoned her pleasure sleeping and waking. It seemed to her that this danger would pass with Mrs. Dawkes's life; once she was beyond speaking, the fear would be nearly completely over. Barby would be in full possession of the Rock and its large revenues then, and who might dare to breathe a slander on him? Never a word had passed between her and her brother on that inconvenient subject, the death of the child; but Keziah, a shrewd, sensible woman, had discerned odds and ends of things for herself. What Caroline knew or knew not, she did not dare to glance at; *something*, she feared; else why the life of estrangement she had lived ever since from her husband, and which he acquiesced in as a matter of course, without a dissenting word? Strangers could not be more entirely separate than they were; and Mrs. Dawkes took no trouble to hide the fact. There were moments when Keziah awoke out of her sleep in a great horror—a sleep in which she had seen Barnaby in the hands of men who are the administrators of England's criminal laws; and Caroline was invariably the Nemesis that brought him to his punishment. Keziah knew these were but miserable dreams, the result of the waking nightmare that was ever upon her; but nevertheless her limbs would shake in the bed with terror, her hair be wet with a cold perspiration. There could be no true safety for Barby, or peace for her, until Mrs. Dawkes should have been removed from the world; and Keziah, while pitying her, saw every fresh sign of weakness with a feeling that was certainly not sorrow. Barnaby's sins might be very great; but he was dearer to Keziah's heart than all the rest of the world. Had the whole inhabitants of the globe been ranged on one side, and Barnaby on the other, she would have sacrificed them all to him, had there been need of it.

Major Dawkes might well return to town in full reliance on his sister. No undesirable visitors would be admitted to any private interview at the Rock; no opportunity afforded for so much as a documentary line being executed, let alone a will. Keziah was a sure and vigilant keeper. The strain on herself, taking one hidden thing with another, was great just now; but she looked for the time when it should be removed forever, and she and Barnaby be at liberty to breathe again. One great consolation attended it all: Caroline's state of inert apathy. It was quite apparent that she intended no active ill to her husband; it was equally apparent that never a thought of leaving her money away from him had place within her. It sometimes crossed Keziah's mind to question whether Mrs. Dawkes remembered the fact, that the disposal of her property lay in her own power.

What with Caroline's almost certain denial to visitors—between her own distaste for it and Keziah's manœuvring, that was sure to be the result when callers came—the Rock had been deserted by such before the time of Mr. Kage's visit. After his departure, Mr. Rufort took to come with rather inconvenient persistency. The fact was, Thomas Kage had told him he ought to see Mrs. Dawkes occasionally, considering the uncertain state of health she was in—or, rather, its too certain state; and Mr. Rufort acted on it. He got at length to see the mistress of the Rock, going in and out with tolerable regularity. But, like the doctor, he never got to see her alone. Just as Keziah invariably accompanied Mr. Owen to the rooms in the south wing, so did she accompany Mr. Rufort. Mr. Rufort hinted that he should like to be, in his capacity as Christ's minister, alone with the sick lady. Keziah practically refused to take the hint. She liked Mr. Rufort's visits, she said; they did her good. When Mr. Rufort said, that in praying with his sick parishioners he preferred to be alone with them, Keziah rejoined that she liked prayers. Mr. Rufort yielded: for Caroline besought him in a private whisper—with anxious eyes of entreaty, and a clasp of the hand to pain—not to insist on the point; at least, at present: time enough for it when she should be nearer death. Mr. Rufort felt altogether a little puzzled, but said no more; and Keziah enjoyed the personal benefit of the prayers.

Had Keziah Dawkes been told that her sister-in-law was, in one sense, acting a part, she had refused credence to it. With all her knowledge of human nature, its wiles and concealments, its tricks and its turns, she had never believed that Caroline was deceiving her; or that the weak woman lying in the south wing, to all appearance in utter inertness, in complete apathy, could be plotting and planning as anxiously as the best of them. But it was so.

Caroline set about what she had to do with more cautious dread than there was a necessity for. From the moment she had parted with Thomas Kage, the night of his secret visit by the postern-door, her mind and brain had been incessantly on the rack, thinking how she could get Mr. Norris the solicitor to her. The unexpected visit of her husband startled her so effectually, that for some days she let the matter rest. Over and over again she asked herself the question: Had he suspected what she was about to do, and come down in consequence? Fully did Caroline believe that nothing, save the watching over his own interests, would bring him away from London. The terror she had felt when he went to the lumber-closet in search of the fencing-sticks, she felt still; it had seemed a confirmation of her fears. The Major's departure, after only one clear day's stay, somewhat reassured her; but even then, for some days, she did not dare to move in it. The time came, however. And while Keziah was knitting fresh patterns into her woollen work below, congratulating herself, rather than the contrary, that her sister-in-law was lying more of her hours away than usual in inert listlessness, shut up alone in the south wing, with Fry within hearing of the silver bell, Caroline was up and doing. Not that the term "up and doing" could be applied to poor Caroline in any but the slightest degree.

"MY DEAR MR. NORRIS:—I have an urgent reason for wishing to see you, and to see you alone. It is essential that your visit to me should be kept entirely private, from my household as well as from people in general. Please *note this*. Will you be at the postern-gate of the south wing to-morrow evening at seven o'clock? Fry will be waiting for you, and bring you up to me. She will take this note to you, and carry back your verbal answer. I rely upon you, as my first husband's legal adviser, and I may add friend: I have no one else to rely upon. Be very cautious.

"Very sincerely yours,
"CAROLINE DAWKES."

Mrs. Dawkes sat reading this note after it was written. It was the third she had attempted. Neither of the others pleased her, and they were already in the fire.

"I think it will do," she murmured, as she folded and sealed it.

Fry had her instructions. It was necessary for Caroline to place some confidence in her; but she did not tell her what she wanted with Mr. Norris. Fry was trustworthy; and thought the little private programme as good as a play.

Caroline went down to dinner that day; she said she felt better. Keziah thought she looked it: the fact was that the excitement caused by the consciousness of what she was doing imparted some life and colouring to the fading countenance. Rather to Keziah's suprise, Caroline did not go up after dinner, but settled herself in an arm-chair. It was not often she dined below now; but if so, she went away when the meal was over. Of course, Keziah was full of congratulation; she talked to her sister-in-law, and read to her a short story from a magazine. Just as it had concluded, Caroline was taken with a shivering fit, and Miss Dawkes rang for a warm shawl. Mr. Owen did not much like these attacks of shivering—they had come on three or four times lately; he thought, though, they were purely nervous.

"Where's Fry?" demanded Miss Dawkes, when the shawl was brought in by the upper housemaid.

"Fry's gone out, ma'am. She said she wanted to buy herself some aprons."

"She has no right to go out when she knows her mistress may want her at any moment," sharply returned Keziah. "Did she ask your leave, Caroline?"

"I forget," answered poor Caroline. "I heard her say she wanted some new aprons."

"She ought to have gone in the day-time," persisted Keziah, who had no notion of Fry's doing as she pleased without permission. "Suppose you had wanted to go to bed?"

"Don't be angry with her, Keziah. I keep her in so very much; except to church, she never goes out; and she must buy herself necessary things."

Keziah let the matter drop. Fry was gone, as the reader knows quite well, to Mr. Norris. It was only in the evening she could see him; for he was all day long at his office at Aberton. Fry had cleverly made the aprons the ostensible excuse to the household.

The reader may think that all comment might have been avoided by Fry's going out by way of the postern-door. But the truth was, poor Caroline had got into that nervous state, that she was afraid to be alone in the south wing after dark. What with the surroundings of little Tom's death (so dreadful to her imagination), and the reputation of the ghost that was wont to hover around the Lady's Well outside the widows, Caroline preferred company to solitude.

It was a bright starlight night when Fry went forth. Mr. Norris's residence was situated a little beyond the rectory, as the reader may remember; for he once went to it with Miss Canterbury. She knocked at the door and asked for the lawyer.

"Not at home."

"Not at home?" retorted Fry, as if the man, an old acquaintance of hers, were telling a story. "Mr. Norris gets home before this."

"He do mostly. He's late to-night. Is it anything I can say to him?"

"No—I think not," replied Fry, as if in deliberation. "I just wanted to say a word to him myself. It can wait."

But, even as she was speaking, Mr. Norris himself approached the door. He had come from Aberton by the usual train, but had called on some friend at Chilling.

"To see me, Fry? Come in, then. I suppose it's about that money you let your brother have?" added the lawyer, as he led the way to a sitting-room.

"Yes, sir," was Fry's bold answer, for the benefit of any ears that might be open. "If he can't give me the money back, he might try and pay me interest."

But, when the door was closed, she presented the note in silence, and waited. Mr. Norris read it, glanced at Fry, and read it again.

"Do you know the purport of this?" he asked.

"Well, sir, I b'lieve it is to ask you to come to the Rock to-morrow night; and I am to let you in by the postern-door."

"Just so. Your mistress says she wishes to see me."

He looked at Fry, and she looked at him. Each of them would have liked to speak out pretty freely to the other.

"I fancied that postern entrance was wholly unused, Fry. It's years since I've heard it mentioned; I'm not sure but I had half forgotten there was such an entrance."

"It was me that thought of it," said Fry, proud of being able so far to compliment her own memory. "There's folks in our house no better than watchful cats, and the servants be nothing but tattling gossipers."

"And your mistress is virtually a prisoner, eh, Fry?"

"Well, I don't know but she is, sir. For one thing, she don't seem to care to be anything else. As to the Rock, that was once so gay, it seems no better now than a dungeon. A rare bother I had to get that postern-door open. What message am I to take back, sir?"

"Say to Mrs. Dawkes that I will come. She mentions seven; at that hour I will be at the postern-door."

"All right," said Fry. "If you will come into the grounds, sir, by that little private gate on the south side, it will bring you past the Lady's Well to the postern-door; and you'll not be likely to meet anybody, my mistress says. I don't suppose you mind

about what used to be talked of—that the way was haunted?"

"Not very much," said Mr. Norris, with a silent laugh. "I hear your mistress is looking very ill, Fry.

"She is just as ill as she looks," was Fry's answer. "It won't be long, sir, as far as I believe, before she goes after the poor child she's always regretting."

Mr. Norris saw Fry out himself, whispering to her a last charge, to be at her post in readiness for him on the following night. Fry dashed on to the general shop in the village—for her wanting the new aprons had been no false excuse—and went home with the checked muslin in triumph. Keziah said a sharp word to her—poor Caroline was in weary waiting for her bed—which Fry flung back again.

And when the next day came, circumstances seemed really to be favouring Caroline. She was so weak, and looked so ill, that Keziah, paying her morning visit, advised her not to move out of her room all day. At dusk Fry was down stairs; and coming in contact with Miss Dawkes, said her mistress was still in bed, and had given her orders to close up the green-baize door for the night, wishing for perfect quiet in the wing. Miss Dawkes nodded her head complacently, and told Fry to be cautious not to make any noise herself.

But the first thing Fry did, after bolting and barring the said door, was to assist her mistress to dress and proceed to the sitting-room. The fire burnt with a bright blaze, the room had its full amount of light. Caroline, sipping her tea, looked the only faded thing in it. She wore her usual black-silk gown—a mile too large for her; it was covered with a shawl; and her beautiful hair hung carelessly. Excitement lent her both heat and colour. In the state of sickness she was, bodily and mentally, this coming interview with the lawyer, and what she must say at it, put her into a veritable fever.

"Fry! Fry!"

Fry came in at the nervous covert call.

"It is seven o'clock, Fry. You ought to be down at the postern-door."

Mrs. Dawkes had sat with her feverish eyes fixed on the mantelpiece clock. The hands were fast approaching the hour.

"It wants six minutes good, ma'm, by the right time; that clock is five minutes too fast. Mr. Owen said so when he was here to-day; and I know it besides."

"Mr. Norris's watch may be fast also. He must not be kept waiting, Fry."

"No fear. Them lawyers are never afore their time, ma'am, unless it is to sue a poor man for money."

"Fry, I tell you to go down. Better for you to wait than for Mr. Norris. He might go away again."

Fry, grumbling a little, took her lamp, and went down. Waiting at that dusty door, with the wind moaning amid the trees outside, and the ghost farther off—it was said to come always on a windy night—was not altogether agreeable. But she had not stood there long when footsteps were heard, the boughs were pushed aside, and Mr. Norris stood there.

"All right," he said. "How is your mistress to-night?"

"She is just as fidgety as she can be, thinking I should not be down here in time, and you might go away again," was Fry's answer. "I'll tell you what it is, sir: if the excitement of folks coming to her this way was to last, she'd just be in her grave before her time. All day long she has kept her bed, through nothing but the fever and worry she was in last night from knowing I had come to you. Can you see, sir? I'll go on with the lamp."

"These stairs don't get wider with age," remarked the lawyer, in a low tone.

"They are the steepest and narrowest stairs it was ever a lady's lot to go up or down," was Fry's answer; "which stands to reason, seeing they are built in the wall. I'd as soon come down a ladder; and sooner—there'd be less danger of pitching over."

"As I did once," said Mr. Norris.

"You!" exclaimed Fry, stopping to turn and look at him in the midst of the said stairs. "Were you ever here before, sir?"

"Yes; in the days of Edgar Canterbury. The place has never been dusted since that time. I should think, Fry. My gloves are covered."

"It has never been as much as opened, let alone dusted," answered Fry. "Here we are, sir."

With a light trend the lawyer stepped through the lumber-closet, and into the presence of Mrs. Dawkes. The shawl had slipped from her shoulders. Very thin and worn and shadowy did she look; and Mr. Norris could but contrast the poor faded thing before him with the beautiful and blooming girl whose entrance into the Canterbury family had caused so much trouble and heart-burning. He had hated the intruder in his heart of hearts, for a love of justice was implanted strongly within him, lawyer though he was; but in this moment his resentment passed away with a cry of pity, for he almost thought he was looking on the dead.

"Poor thing?" he involuntarily murmured, as he took her hand. "My dear, you are very ill."

"Yes," she answered, "the time is getting short now. That is why I was so anxious to see you."

Mr. Norris sat down by her, and they talked together in a low tone. The consciousness of the necessity of secrecy lay upon them, otherwise both knew it was impossible they could be overheard. Mr. Norris had been cognisant of the past troubles connected with Edgar Canterbury, and he knew this part of the house just as well as its present mistress.

Caroline told him what she wanted—a will made that would in a degree repair the injustice of the last one. Without speaking with the express plainness she had used to Thomas Kage, Mr. Norris gathered a vast deal. He nodded his head, and drew in his lips, and thought it was altogether about the most remarkable case he had ever come across.

"I could not die in peace if I did not make the will," she said with feverish lips. "I should never rest in my grave."

"My dear lady," he said, "there's no earthly reason why you should not make one. It's what you ought to do. As to that watchful parson down-stairs, I think we can manage to keep her in the dark. If you were in stronger health, I should advise a totally different course of procedure; but—"

"But I am not strong enough for it," interrupted Caroline with painful eagerness. "You mean open opposition, the asserting of my own position and rights; but if matters came to that, it would kill me."

"Yes, yes."

"Will you write down my instructions? I have thought of all I wish to do—and say."

Mr. Norris took some paper from his pocket, a pen, and a tiny ink-bottle. He began unscrewing the stopper.

"I suppose it will be legal?" she said.

He did not understand. "What legal? the will? Most certainly. Why should it not be?"

"I thought—because it is made in secret."

"As a vast many wills are made. Trust to me for its being in due order. And now—"

What Mr. Norris was about to say received a most startling interruption—startling, at least, to one who heard it. It was a loud knocking at the green-baize door, followed by the voice of Keziah Dawkes.

Caroline gave a faint cry. Were Mr. Norris to be seen with her, all was at an end.

With her trembling hands clasped upon her bosom—with her poor face whiter than ashes—with steps that tottered as she stood, and a sick faintness that seemed as if it must overpower her, Caroline looked forth.

"Don't answer, don't answer!" she breathed to Fry, who had appeared at her own door with a carelessly-defiant countenance.

"Not going to," nodded Fry in a whisper. "Let her think I've gone to bed myself. That's right, Madam Dawkes; you can knock again."

"Fry! Fry!" cried out Keziah, "it's a letter for your mistress; it has 'Immediate' marked upon it."

No response. Keziah went away grumbling. Things were come to a pretty pass, she thought, when servants went to bed at seven o'clock in the evening.

"All right, Madam Dawkes!" said impudent Fry; "you don't get over me. The letter will have to keep, though it came from the Pope o' Rome."

But later, when Mr. Norris, his business for the night accomplished, had been escorted down the postern-stairs and was safely away, Fry went to Miss Dawkes with a face as bold as brass. Asking whether or not, anybody had knocked: she fancied to have heard it, but was engaged at the time with her mistress.

And the letter proved to be nothing but a note from Mr. Owen, containing some instructions in regard to the medicine Mrs. Dawkes was taking that he had omitted to give in the morning when paying his visit to the Rock.

"Shall I get the will executed, or not?" murmured poor Caroline from her sleepless bed, when the household was hushed in sleep. "It seems a great chance. Perhaps heaven will help me!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Is Cold Weather Healthy?

The cold weather which we have been recently experiencing has been characterized on all sides as "seasonable" and "very healthy." When one is shivering even with all the wraps possible to be carried, it is a little irritating to be assured of the healthiness of the weather and its seasonableness. We are not prepared, however, to cavil at the assertion of cold being in season. Undoubtedly bright, clear, cold days are more pleasant and cheerful-looking than the dull wretchedness of the gray days, that have no movement along with their grayness, that are characterized by muddy lanes in the country, and doubly muddy streets in town.

But that the cold is healthy is utterly untrue. Cold kills; it lowers the vital powers even of the strongest. A hale, well-fed, well-clothed man in the prime of life, capable of taking active exercise, and so stirring up his circulating organs to increased action, may be able with pleasure to himself to withstand the effects of the cold; but he does this because he is already in good health, and possessed of the means of keeping himself so. He is not made well by the cold. On the other hand, when the powers of resistance to the lowering effects of cold are feeble, as is the case with infants and with old people, the cold catches hold of them, and the death rate of those at the beginning and the end of life is unusually high while the cold prevails.

The temperature of the body is lowered by poor and deficient food; and when, in addition to the scanty meals which are the normal lot of many poor people, the cold of the atmosphere comes to lay its heavy burden on them, they die in increased numbers. On one day in last week five inquests were held on the bodies of persons who had died from the effects of cold acting on frames already weakened by want of food. Good food and warm clothing can alone enable the human body to resist the destructive effects of cold, and those who deal out at this season soup and meat, coals, and flannel garments, are real physicians of the bodies of poor men, women, and children, and deserve the blessings of those ready to perish.

Nor is it only in causing death that the cold weather shows its ill effects. People who tell you that the weather is "healthy," almost in the same breath will say that they never knew a time when so much illness was about. Coughs and colds, rheumatisms and bronchitis, are familiar ailments in almost every household, and the bitter east wind almost literally cuts into the skin and the delicate air passages of many suffering creatures. The welcome that is given to the least appearance of thaw, or to any tendency of the wind towards a warmer quarter, is a convincing proof, if there were no other, that the sayings about the healthiness of the cold are purely conventional, and are borne out by no correspondence in fact.

☞ Parton has told us about the coming man, and there have been plenty of dissertations about the coming poet, the coming novelist, the coming civilization. Last of all, we have come across a list of the virtues of the coming housewife. We are told that she will be the priestess of health as well as of beauty, and so keep her dwelling daintily clean. She will need no fresh paint on her woodwork, for the varied graining of unvarnished wood upon her walls will grow only richer and handsomer with use and time. Great carpets of wool, tacked to the floor, she will cast out as abominations, vile receptacles of dirt; but over inlaid floors of polished wood shall be laid soft, luxurious mats whose dust shall be blown away by winnowing winds every morning.

☞ M. Guizot, now 83, has accepted the presidency of an extra-parliamentary commision to remodel the system of superior education. He was recently at one of M. Ollivier's receptions, and was quite the lion of the evening. He is in "good case," and as erect and healthy-looking as he was at 50.

The American Physique.

DO WE USE SUFFICIENT LIQUIDS.

A medical writer in Putnam's Magazine, talks as follows:—

The American climate, then, acting at once directly upon the frame of its restless denizen, and indirectly through the qualities of the food which he cultivates and of the industries which he pursues under its influence, is a powerful agent in producing the peculiar type of development which I have called "the American Physique." One might fancy the observations of those travellers to be true, who declare that the American is slowly assimilating himself to the type of the aboriginal North American Indian. The high cheek-bones of the Indian, his lank muscular form and long fingers, and his straight hair, are gradually reproducing themselves, they say, among the inheritors of his domain. There is doubtless a germ of truth in this remark. The American and his descendants are exposed to many of the same influences that created the Indian. They eat his maize, they hunt his game, they live in his climate, and draw their nourishment from the same soil. They are fed by the same juices of the planet. It would not be singular should many of his characteristics appear among us after a few generations had been subjected to these influences. I have occasionally seen American faces which bore an unquestionable resemblance to the Indian type. But influences far stronger and more determinant than any of those which we have inherited from the savage are now acting upon us as a civilised nation. There is no danger of any marked retrogression in the direction of our wild predecessors.

The influence of climate upon the American physique is a subject too extensive for the limits of the present article. But it is to this and to kindred influences, rather than to any original difference, that we are to ascribe our present status, whether physical or mental. J. S. Mill says: "Of all vulgar modes of escaping from the consideration of the effect of social and moral influences on the human mind, the most vulgar is that of attributing the diversities of conduct and of character to inherent natural differences." (Principles of Political Economy, i., 390.) The law that all things yield to influence, are the product of their environment, are themselves organized and moved by definite forces, is invariable.

The last instance of this law that I am about to present, as bearing upon the subject in hand, is the influence of *diet* upon the American physique.

The insuculence of the American physique is largely due to the fact that the American uses so little liquid food. The principal forms in which liquid food is consumed by civilized nations are the following:—Soup, malt liquors, wines, tea, coffee, and milk. I have classed malt liquors and wines among aliments, not because they are slightly nutritious, nor yet because they arrest the transformation of tissue, and so supply, to a limited degree, the place of food; but because by their bulk they supply the watery constituents of the body.

Of these six forms of aliment, the first is the most important, whether considered intrinsically as a nutriment, or with reference to the number of human beings who habitually use it. The characteristic European dish is soup; that is to say, a larger number of Europeans make this a leading article of diet than any other article but bread, the use of which is not peculiar to Europe. A large majority of the French, the Germans, the Italians, and a large proportion of the English, are accustomed to the daily use of some form of nutritious soup; while among the Americans, as a people, it might be said that soup is almost unknown. Only among a small proportion of the residents of our cities is soup a frequent article of diet. In the country, and among the poorer city population, it is scarcely ever used.

The Englishman of the poorer classes, who comparatively seldom eats soup, makes up his complement of liquid food by the use of ale or porter; the German, similarly circumstanced, drinks beer; the Italian light wines; but the American depends for stimulus upon distilled spirits, which contain a large amount of alcohol in a very small bulk. Waiving the question of the greater or less perniciousness of these more potent stimuli, it remains evident that they do not supply to the system the element which forms nearly ninety-five per cent. of the malt liquors and the mild wines that are so abundantly consumed in Europe. In a word, the American physique is not well *watered*. The consumption of coffee, tea, and milk is not materially greater n America than in Europe; the consumption of soup, malt liquors and light wines may be estimated at seventy-five per cent. less than there. If we estimate the dietetic scale of the European to be composed, on the average, of two parts of liquid to one of solid aliment, that of the American will present a nearly equal amount of each form of food. In other words, the European consumes *twice as much liquid food* as the American. In this fact we may find an influence which has tended powerfully to produce our thin and arid physique. Recurring to the figure of vegetable growth, we may regard the American type of development, under the three aspects which I have presented, as an exotic tree that has suffered, and still suffers, 1. from frequent and incessant transplantations; 2. from the rigors of an inclement climate; and 3. from an insufficiency of moisture in its soil.

The remedies for these unfavorable influences are simple. They are, 1. the appreciation and the cultivation, among all classes of our citizens, of the *restful* spirit; 2. the material development of the country by means of the most improved scientific processes; and 3. the popularization, through an improved *cuisine*, of an abundant liquid alimentation.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.—The following bill was recently offered in the Ohio House of Representatives:

"That females in this state be allowed all the rights and privileges, including the ballot, now granted to male citizens; that females shall be liable to military and road duty; and that, if women shall refuse to provide for the support of their husbands and families, it shall be considered sufficient ground for divorce, the husband to be allowed alimony out of the estate of his wife."

☞ A CHINAMAN'S IDEA OF A TRIAL IN ENGLAND.—A Chinese thus describes a trial in the English law courts: "One man is quite silent, another talks all the time, and twelve wise men condemn the man who has not said a word."

Prominent Californians.

"Gath" reports a recent conversation he had with a prominent Californian as follows:

"Who was the ablest man you have had—Broderick?"

"No! nor Baker, either. They were true men to their political convictions, and will always take picturesque and prominent rank in the American history of the occupation of that coast. But the ablest man we ever had as a projector, an executive officer, and a man of courage and sagacity, was this very rebel, "Duke" Gwin. We all admit that, who hate him politically. Baker has not a good name for principle on our coast. He would borrow five thousand dollars from a friend and go and lose it at faro, without any idea of how or when he should replace it. He lived and died for great dramatic effects; but he was the best orator in California. Fremont is the most unpopular man on our coast. Conness never means to return here. He enriched himself here and now lives in fine style with a young wife in New York city. Broderick was a New York fireman, rubbed and toned down, and pretty rough after that. Judge Terry, who killed him, is a practising lawyer in Nevada at this day. Broderick had no business to fight that duel. He was big enough to whip a rhinoceros with a cudgel or his fist, but he never could fire a pistol, except by drawing it up from his hip, bringing the hand to the shoulder, and firing as he threw out the hand. He could fire in no other way, and the day of the duel he was a dead man before he got to the field. The milkmen, coming to town in the early dawn, saw him on the road, going to the field, and they said:

"'Broderick's dead.'

"'Why so?'

"'We met him, and he looked white as a corpse. The nerve is all out of him.'

"He stood up, discharged his pistol into the ground—a hair trigger—and Terry, observing it, murdered him coolly. We all liked Dave Broderick, but he wasn't made to fight duels. You must come out to our coast, and hear about these people from their neighbors. You people in the East construct the history of these men, but we know better."

Novel Reading.

Mr. Anthony Trollope has delivered a lecture, in Hull, in defence of "Fiction," in which he sought to prove the rationality of the amusement of novel reading, arguing that it is often a wholesome as well as pleasant practice. Mr. Trollope's arguments are likely to have most weight with those already confirmed in the habit of novel reading, and who, if anything, need a little stimulating into other branches of intellectual pleasure, while that large class who are prejudiced against the novel will probably remain unchanged in their judgments. The only difficulty with novel reading is, that, like dram-drinking, it is so rarely indulged in with moderation. Novel readers are apt to conceive a distaste for all other kinds of literature; their mental digestion is spoiled for everything but the most highly-seasoned literary tidbits. Exclusive novel reading is to the mind very much like what dinners made up solely of pastry and desserts would be for the stomach. The mind that cannot enjoy a good novel is to be pitied; the mind that has fed itself to such excess on the novel, that it has become insensible to every other form of intellectual entertainment—dead to history, philosophy, science, and all the splendid world of investigation and thought lying within them—is a maimed, decrepit, intellectual pauper. But the novel, as one form of intellectual recreation, is admirable; where, in some instances, it proves too stimulating, in others it awakens imagination, arouses feeling, and sets in motion half-dormant forces. The secret of the fondness for the novel, existing so notably among women, young people, and all whose sphere of existence is narrow, is in the fact that it extends the reader's experiences of life, enlarges the field of his sympathies, and multiplies the area of his existence. This expansion, as it were, of one's self is a great fascination, and is only unfavorable when it brings in unwholesome yearnings and restless discontents, or renders the sensibilities mawkish. The novel exalts our ideals of humanity, and often gives us worthy models for imitation. If it fills us sometimes with a few affectations, it compensates by cherishing in our hearts hatred of meanness, cowardice, and all forms of unworthiness. If it occasionally works mischief by dangerous suggestions, it quite as often warns by timely hints. But the good and the bad of the novel have too often been discussed to need further illustration. Like all other mortal institutions, it is of mixed good and evil. To one man it is poison, to another antidote. Within certain limits it cheers, sweetens, and is a means of happiness; beyond those limits, it becomes an indulgence relaxing to the fibres of the mind, and weakening to all our intellectual and moral forces.

SOME ways of introducing religious exercises are very droll. A few summers ago several Episcopal clergymen were spending their vacation at a certain town in the White Mountain region, where there was a Methodist Church building and society, but the regular clergyman was absent. The Episcopalians asked for the use of the house on Sundays, and it was granted. At the first service under their auspices, and just after the inevitable books of Common Prayer had been distributed, a leading Methodist layman arose and said, in an explanatory tone, to his assembled neighbors: "these ministers are of the Episcopal persuasion, and it is understood that they will now perform just as they please."

☞ A clergyman in the country had a stranger preaching for him one day; and meeting his beadle, he said to him, "Well, Saunders, how did you like the sermon to-day?" "I watna, sir, it was rather o'er plain, and for me," replied the beadle; "I like the sermons that bejumbles the joodgment and confounds the sense; od, sir, I never saw ane that could come up to yoursel' at that."

SUSPICION.—Anybody can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion which his enemies will believe and his friends never hear of. A puff of idle wind can take up a million of the seeds of the thistle, and do a work of mischief which the husbandman must labor long and hard to undo; the floating particles being too light to be seen and too light to be stopped.

☞ An old lady of our acquaintance is so susceptible to cold that she won't even use moist sugar.

Useless Staff Officers.

Gen. Logan in introducing the new Army Bill said, the present organization was the clumsiest in the world. Our army of 37,000 men has 663 staff officers, 313 more than in 1860. Russia, with an army of 809,000 men, had a staff corps of 360; Prussia, with 500,000 men, had a staff of 100; Austria, with 500,000 men, had a staff of 165, and Italy the same. He ridiculed the idea of putting Major-Generals and Brigadier-Generals at the head of the Quartermaster and Commissary Departments, where the duties were to be judges of boots and shoes and hats and bean soup. [Laughter.] The Paymaster's Department was also entirely too large. In the European armies the troops were paid by civilians, who drew pay as clerks.

The ninth section abolishes brevet rank, and forbids the assumption of a title or the wearing of a uniform of higher rank than actually held.

The eleventh forbids any officers to hold civil office, whether by election or appointment. He referred, in that connection, to the case of Gen. Butterfield, dismissed from the civil service for connection with the gold operations in New York, but still holding the rank of Colonel in the army and not court-martialed. Hence the two things were incompatible.

The twelfth repeals the second section of the act of June 1, 1866, which makes the General of the Army superior to the President. He regarded that law as both unconstitutional and improper. If Gen. Sherman were to perpetrate the highest crime, he could not be arrested or relieved or court-martialed by the President.

Lying Reports.

Below we give two recent telegrams from the South, the first evidently designed to keep alive bad feeling:—

"At Charlestown, West Virginia, on the morning of the 2d instant, a band of armed Kuklux appeared, broke open the jail and liberated the prisoners. It is believed that the Government will be asked for troops to suppress lawlessness in that region. Charlestown was selected as the state capital by the West Virginia Legislature before its adjournment."

"It appears from a later dispatch from Wheeling, that the 'Kuklux' had nothing to do with the recent escape of prisoners from jail at Charlestown, West Virginia, and that the number escaping was only two, and they 'quietly walked out of jail.'"

Solomon said "in his haste" that "all men were liars." If he had lived nowadays, he might have said it at his leisure.

THE INDIAN BUREAU.—Gen. Logan, of Ill., in submitting the new military bill to the House of Representatives, said:—"The thirteenth section provided for transferring the control of Indian affairs to the War Department, but after he had read an account of the Piegan massacre his blood ran cold in his veins, and he wanted to ask the Committee to strike out that section and let the Indian Bureau remain where it is, and the Committee had agreed to it." The House, on consideration of the bill, agreed with Gen. Logan and the Committee, and the Indian Bureau remains as before.

☞ Ensign Charles A. Copp was in charge of the "berth deck" of the Oneida, and after seeing all the sick and invalid seamen removed to the deck, returned below to his post of duty. A comrade hailed him to come on deck, as the ship was going down. "No," said Ensign Copp, "I am stationed here and cannot come until relieved." Noble youth! "Not until I am relieved." As his voice firmly uttered these noble words the wild waves engulfed the ship.

☞ At a teachers' institute out West, recently, a lady teacher was given the word hazardous to spell and define, and did it in this style: "H-a-z, haz, a-r-d, ard, hazard, e-double-s, ess, hazardess—a female hazard."

☞ The cliffs of the Cumberland river, in Kentucky, are swarming with robins. One roost is three miles long. They can be picked off the bushes by hundreds, and persons come a distance of ten miles to fill their baskets with them.

☞ Roof gardening has been commenced in Baltimore, a gentleman having devoted the roof of his stable and carriage house to the purpose of growing ornamental plants. Water pipes are carried to this portion of the building for convenience of watering flowers in dry seasons.

☞ A memorial, the signers of which represent 33 corporations and 12 individual manufacturers of woollen goods, with a capital of $15,000,000, has been laid before the Ways and Means and Finance Committees, endorsing Commissioner Wells' report, and asking that fine wools may be admitted at as low a duty as is now paid by the carpet wools.

☞ Mr. Burlingame's Chinese name was Hoo-an-choo (Burlingame, Anson,) and his official designation was Chim-chi-choong-jeu-tachen (Minister of Heavy Responsibilities.)

☞ A Chicago gambler has invented a new thing for cheating in gambling. It consists of a small mirror, set in a finger ring, which put on the little finger of the right hand, enables the dealer to see every card he deals to his opponents. The man has been arrested, but a large quantity of the jewelry is worn by gamblers who have taken stock in the patent.

☞ The captain of the Bombay, which ran down the Oneida, has been suspended from command for six months—not on account of the collision, but because he neglected to inform himself of the seriousness of the damage that had been entailed, and because he took no measures to preserve the lives of the drowning crew. It is probable he will have to stand another trial in England.

☞ We learn that John d'Oyley-Evans, a native of Baltimore, Md., but a resident of Paris, France, for a number of years, has lately received from Pope Pius IX, the rank of Commander in the Order of Gregory the Great, with the title of noble (or count) of the Holy Roman Empire.

☞ An anecdote is told of a lumberman who had journeyed from his native state of Maine to seek his fortune in the state of California. He was extremely taciturn and depressed in spirits during the journey across the plains. When the mountains came in sight, and his eyes rested upon the familiar pine trees, he gazed eagerly for a moment, then, rising to his feet, exclaimed, "Thank God! I smell pitch once more;" and, sinking back into his seat, he wept for joy.

☞ Two farmers in Kansas recently had a lawsuit about seven pounds of butter. When the jury retired they took with them the butter, procured some crackers, ate them together, and returned a verdict of "no cause of action."

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

Twenty cents for each additional insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ A Western paper, having got itself into trouble by publishing names in its police court reports, has resolved to adopt something like the following style of conveying that species of intelligence: "Two gentlemen, who don't want their names published, appeared before the Mayor on a charge of having done something which we are not at liberty to state, and it would be cruel to say what was done with them, as they are business men."

☞ The following resolution, offered in the Wisconsin Legislature, is recommended to the attention of our Harrisburg law makers:—

"*Resolved*, That all persons acting in the capacity of lobbyists, shall, during the remainder of the session, wear a badge on their hats or caps, or in a conspicuous place on their person, with the name of the scheme they represent plainly printed thereon."

☞ A German poet has translated Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," but, as "seche hundert" has no rhyme in the German, he has taken the liberty of increasing it to one thousand—"*tousend*" admitting of several rhymes.

☞ THE SUEZ CANAL.—The steamship Brazillian, from Bombay to Liverpool with 14,000 bales of cotton, recently passed through the Suez Canal with the greatest ease.

☞ A New York despatch says that a contract has been signed with British capitalists for the construction, within two years, of the Central Underground Railway, from the City Hall to Forty-second street. The security given is $10,000,000.

☞ "It is a pleasant thing to, reflect upon," says Dickens, "and furnishes a complete answer to those who contend for the gradual degeneration of the human species, that every baby born into the world is a finer one than the last."

☞ Texas is anxious for large importations of Chinamen. Those now there are working well.

☞ A pine tree was recently cut down East, which was 143 feet high, and made 3,750 feet of lumber.

☞ Mrs. Somerville, who achieved literary eminence half a century ago, is now in her eighty-eighth year, and in sound mental and bodily health. She resides in Genoa. She was married, in 1812, to her cousin, Dr. Wm. Somerville.

☞ THE LARGEST NEWSPAPER MAIL which goes to any one firm in this country, is received by G. P. Rowell & Co., the New York Advertising Agents. Their place of business is at No. 40 Park Row.

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THE PHYSICAL LIFE OF WOMAN.

FIFTEENTH THOUSAND NOW READY.

BY GEO. H. NAPHEYS, M. D.

The most remarkable success of the day. Is selling with unprecedented rapidity. It contains what every man and woman ought to know, and few do. It will save much suffering. As the only reputable work upon the single and married life, it is earnestly recommended by Prof. Wm. A. Hammond, Prest. Mark Hopkins, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Dr. Bushnell, Mrs. R. S. Gleason, M. D., Prof. H. N. Eastman, etc. Being eagerly sought for, the agent's work is easy. Send stamp for pamphlet, etc., to

GEO. MACLEAN, Publisher,
719 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.,
96 Nassau St., New York,
mar26-4t 33 School St., Boston, Mass.

Garden, Field and Flower Seeds.

A full assortment, Fresh and Genuine, at

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For the accommodation of persons residing at a distance, the following desirable assortments are offered, which will be mailed, post paid, upon the receipt of a remittance:

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Twenty-five beautiful var. Annual Flower Seeds for $1, viz.: Asters, Balsams, Candy tuft, Corcopsis, Convolvulus, Cypress Vine, Eschscholtzia, Globe Amaranth, Ibiricus, Ipomœa, Larkspur, Gillia, Mignonette, Nasturtium, Petunia, Phlox, Portulacca, Sweet Alyssum, Double Zinnea, &c., &c.

A FULL SUPPLY OF

Grass and Clover Seeds, Asparagus and Rhubarb Roots, Grape Vines, Raspberry, Blackberry, Strawberry, and Currant Plants. Choice Roses, Verbenas, Dahlias, Gladiolus, Tuberoses, and new Bedding Plants. A liberal discount to dealers.

Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1870, containing directions for the cultivation of vegetables and flowers, beautifully illustrated with engravings and two colored plates, will be mailed to all who enclose ten cents. Address HENRY A. DREER,
mar26-4t Philadelphia.

A NEW AND COMPLETE MUSIC BOOK for Masonic Lodges—*THE MASONIC ORPHEUS.* A collection of hymns, songs, chants, and familiar tunes designed to accompany the work of Free and accepted Masons in all the various degrees and orders appertaining to the Blue Lodge, Royal Arch Chapter, Council of Select and Royal Masters, and Commandery. Also adapted to all public and private ceremonies of the fraternity. Installation and Dedication, Funeral Obsequies, &c., arranged expressly for male voices, with an accompaniment for the organ or pianoforte. By Howard M. Dow, organist of the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts. Bound in large quarto, cloth. Price $3.00. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

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DAVID LANDRETH & SON,
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For Spring of 1870.

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No. 1, Descriptive Catalogue of Fruits, 10 cts.
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JAMES J. H. GREGORY,
mar5-6t Marblehead, Mass.

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?

An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. dec11-6m

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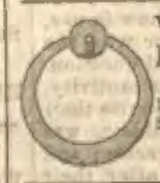

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THE MAGIC EGG.—Agents wanted. Sample and terms mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Address W. EARL, 96 Leight St., New York. feb12-3m

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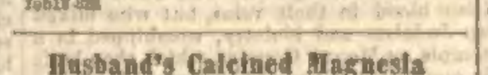

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BUCHU.

THE GREAT DIURETIC.

The proprietor trusts that his Remedies, from the fact of being advertised, may not be classed as Patent Medicines.

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is a Pharmaceutical preparation. The proper name is given, and it is the most active which can be made; it is endorsed as a cure by all medical works, for such diseases as recommended by the proprietor. It is pleasant in its taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and is taken by adults and children. It is Tonic, Diuretic, Blood Purifying, and Invigorating. Enfeebled and delicate constitutions of both sexes will find it far more strengthening than any of the preparations of Bark or Iron.

See Medical Properties contained in Dispensatory of the United States, of which the following is a correct copy:

BUCHU.—Its odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat resembles the mate to observers, and analogous to that of mint. It is given chiefly in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, morbid irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, diseases of the Prostrate Gland, and Retention or the Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. It has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

TESTIMONY.

CURE OF GRAVEL OF FIVE YEARS STANDING—STONE PASSED AND TO BE SEEN.

SAVANNAH, Tenn., May 14, 1869.

Dr. H. T. Helmbold:

DEAR SIR:—We introduced your "Fluid Extract Buchu" in this country about eight months ago, and are happy to state that it is meeting with universal favor. We wish to inform you of one instance (among many) where your "Buchu" has worked wonders. A man in our county named J. B. Estels, had been suffering about five years with gravel. About six weeks ago he bought of us one bottle of your "Buchu" and before he was through with one bottle he passed a gravel that weighs eight grains, which we now have on exhibition in our drug store. He says that he will never be without the "Buchu" in his house again. Your Preparations are gaining favor every day. Very respectfully, yours, &c.,

ECCLES & HINKEL, Druggists.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Feb. 26, 1867.

H. T. Helmbold, Druggist:

DEAR SIR:—I have been a sufferer for upward of twenty years, with gravel, bladder and kidney affections, during which time I have used various medicinal preparations, and been under the treatment of the most eminent physicians, experiencing but little relief.

Having seen your preparations extensively advertised, I consulted with my family physician in regard to using your Extract Buchu.

I did this because I had used all kinds of advertised remedies, and had found them worthless, and some quite injurious; in fact, I despaired of ever getting well, and determined to use no remedies hereafter unless I knew of the ingredients. It was this that prompted me to use your remedy. As you advertised that it was composed of buchu, cubebs and juniper berries, it occurred to me and my physician as an excellent combination, and, with his advice, after an examination of the article, and consulting again with the druggist, I concluded to try it. I commenced its use about eight months ago, at which time I was confined to my room. From the first bottle I was astonished and gratified at the beneficial effect, and after using it three weeks, was able to walk out. I felt much like writing you a full statement of my case at that time, but thought my improvement might only be temporary, and therefore concluded to defer and see if it would effect a perfect cure, knowing then it would be of greater value to you, and more satisfactory to me.

I am now able to report that a cure is effected, after using the remedy for five months.

I have not need any now for three months, and feel as well in all respects as I ever did.

Your Buchu being devoid of any unpleasant taste and odor, a nice tonic and invigorator of the system, I do not mean to be without it, whenever occasion may require its use, in such affections.

M. McCORMICK.

Should any doubt Mr. McCormick's statement, he refers to the following gentlemen:

Hon. WM. BIGLER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. THOS. B. FLORENCE, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. C. KNOX, Philadelphia.
Hon. J. S. BLACK, Philadelphia.
Hon. D. R. PORTER, ex-Governor, Pennsylvania.
Hon. ELLIS LEWIS, Philadelphia.
Hon. R. C. GRIER, Philadelphia.
Hon. G. W. WOODWARD, Philadelphia.
Hon. W. A. PORTER, Philadelphia.
Hon. JOHN BIGLER, ex-Governor, California.
Hon. E. BANKS, Washington, D. C.
And many others, if necessary.

CURE OF BLADDER AND KIDNEY AFFECTION OF LONG STANDING—STONE PASSED AND TO BE SEEN.

WESTPORT, CONN., Sept. 5, 1869.

H. T. Helmbold, Esq.:

DEAR SIR:—I commenced taking your "Extract of Buchu" about two weeks since for an affection of the Gravel, Bladder and Kidneys. I have suffered by spells, very much for a few days past. But yesterday relief came through the effect of your "Buchu." A stone passed from my bladder about the size of a large pea, and I now feel perfectly well and entirely free from the pain that I have suffered with "so hard." I attribute my cure to your medicine entirely, and would recommend all persons similarly affected to try it. I have great faith in its curative powers.

Yours, truly, THOMAS J. BENNETT.

REFERS TO

Rev. WILLIAM COGSWELL, Westport, Conn.
J. L. G. CANNON, Druggist, Westport, Conn.
H. B. WHEELER, Esq., Westport, Conn.
BRADLEY HULL, Esq., Westport, Conn.
Dr. WAKEMAN, Reading, Conn.
R. W. ROBINSON, Wholesale Druggist, New York City. And many others, if necessary.

CURE OF KIDNEY AND BLADDER AFFECTION OF A PATIENT SEVENTY-EIGHT YEARS OF AGE.

THANKS TO MR. HELMBOLD.

GIRARD, PA., March 31, 1869.

EDITOR COSMOPOLITE:—I desire as an unsolicited tribute to the merits of "Helmbold's Buchu," and for the benefit of those similarly affected as myself, to say, that after consulting many eminent physicians, and trying nearly all the best advertised remedies, in the vain hope of finding relief from excruciated kidney and bladder diseases, from which I have suffered excessively for many years, good fortune finally suggested to me Helmbold's Buchu, which I commenced using with little faith, and no apparent beneficial results for about a month. At the expiration of that time, however, I thought I commenced to experience slight relief, which encouraged me to persevere in its use, and now at the expiration of four months, although I am an infirm old man, nearly 78 years of age, and consequently medicines cannot be expected to favorably affect me as they otherwise would, I have found such unspeakable relief and permanent benefit from Mr. Helmbold's valuable discovery, that I feel that I ought to publicly record the fact, as an acknowledgment to him and a valuable suggestion to the public. Yours, respectfully,

D. M. LAREN.

Mr. Laren refers to the following gentlemen:

Col. DAN. RICE, Girard, Pa.
CHAS. STOW, Esq., Girard, Pa., Editor Cosmopolite.
GEORGE H. CUTLER, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
C. I. HINDS, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
Capt. D. W. HUTCHINSON, Girard, Pa., Attorney.
DAVID OLIN, Girard, Pa., Merchant.
DAVID R. DAY, Girard, Pa., Merchant.
C. F. ROCKWELL, Girard, Pa., Merchant.
B. C. ELY, Girard, Pa., Druggist.

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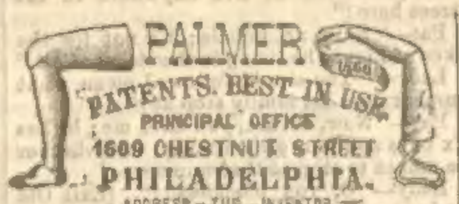

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Chicken on the Brain.

Near Erie there lives a colored person by the name of James Stewart, whom the community by common consent have dubbed Commodore Stewart. He is a talented but eccentric individual, and has a weakness for chickens. On one occasion, being found near a poultry-yard under suspicious circumstances, he was interrogated rather sharply by the owner of the premises as follows:

"Well, Jim, what are you doing here?"

"Oh, nuffin, nuffin; jess walkin' roun'."

"What do you want with my chickens?"

"Nuffin at all. I was only lookin' at 'em, dey looks so nice."

This answer was both conciliatory and conclusive, and would have been satisfactory had it not been for Jim's hat. This was a rather worn soft felt, a good deal too large for its wearer's head; and it seemed to have a motion entirely unusual in hats, and manifestly due to some remarkable cause. It seemed to contract and expand and move of itself, and clearly without Jim's volition. So the next inquiry was:

"What is the matter with your hat?"

"My hat? Dat's an ole hat. I'se fond of dat hat."

"Well, take it off and let's look at it."

"Take off dis hat? No, sah. I'd ketch cold in my head, sartan. Always keep my hat on when I'm out o' doors."

And with that Jim was about beating a hasty retreat, when, at his first step, a low "kluk, kluk, kluk," was heard coming only too clearly from the region of his head-gear. This was fatal; and Jim was stopped and forced to remove his hat, when a plump, half-grown chicken jumped out and ran hastily away. The air with which the culprit gazed after it was a study for a painter; it expressed to a perfection wonder and perplexity blended, but not a trace of guilt. Slowly he spoke, as though explaining the matter to himself, and accounting for so remarkable an incident.

"Well, if dat ain't de funniest ting I ebber did see. Why, dat dar chicken must have clum up de leg of my pantaloons."

How About Elijah?

A Methodist minister was on his travels through the West of Illinois, twenty years ago. Illinois was a wild place then. He travelled twenty miles one day before coming to a farm-house. But there he was received with hospitality. Chicken pot-pie and corn dodgers composed his supper; but to a hungry man these are as good as a truffled turkey.

A fine old grandmother of the house was most profuse in her hospitality. She pressed the pot-pie upon the holy man's plate till he could eat no more. And then, when the family was gathered around the great log chimney, and its blazing fire, the venerable dame opened her mouth and thus spake:

"Ah, well-a-day! it's a grand comfort to have a minister of the Gospel in these parts. It's twenty year ago now since I have seen one on 'em. I've been a readin' o' my Bible all that time, and a waitin' to see a minister to ax him a question about suthin' I don't rightly understand."

"Madam," answered the cautious minister, "I am so tired with my long ride that I could not enter into a serious question till I have slept; but if you will ask me to-morrow morning, before I set out, I will answer it to the best of my ability."

The old lady expressed herself satisfied, and the cunning minister secured a soft couch for the night. The next morning grandma was up early, and hard at work frying slapjacks for the minister's breakfast. This last being dispatched, the old lady was still in a nervous fidget about her question, while the holy man's horse was saddled and brought to the door.

After adjusting his saddle-bags and shaking hands with all the family, he mounted his horse, and turning to her asked:

"And now, madam, what is your question?"

"Waal, minister," said she, "yer know how it ses in the Bible, that arter Elisha was made a prophet, the heavens opened and Elijah was taken up to heaven in a chariot and horses o' fire. It's better nor twenty years sin' I seed that ere in the Bible, and I have puzzled over it ever since; an' there ain't a soul round these diggins knows any more nor I. But you're a minister o' the Gospel, an' ought to know all them things. Now, what I want to know is this: Did the Lord take up Elijah right straight to heaven, or didn't he go kinder slantendicular?"

History has not recorded the minister's reply.

A Savory Anecdote.

There is a pendant to the anecdote of the gentleman who smelled "Something on Fire," which was told me long ago by one of the actors in the scene, the late Dr. Samuel Butler, Bishop of Litchfield. When he was a young man, holding a country curacy, the celebrated Dr. Parr, who lived at no great distance, used sometimes to ride over and take an early dinner with him, *tete a tete*. On one of these occasions the reverend equestrian was overtaken by heavy rain, and reached his destination in a dripping condition. The curate took him immediately to his bedroom, where there was a good fire, supplied him with a change of clothing, and left him to warm and dry himself, while he returned to the adjoining sitting-room to finish his sermon on which he had been employed when the interruption occurred. Presently the doctor re-entered, arrayed in his friend's dressing-gown and slippers, with a night-cap pulled over his ears, and seated himself by the fire with his friend to beguile the time till dinner should be announced, his host continuing absorbed in his occupation. Ten minutes or so went by in silence, when Dr. Parr raised his head, gave one or two preliminary sniffs, and then looking round, lisped out in a tone of deep interest, "Gooth for dinner, Tham?"—"I really don't know, Doctor—I hope there may be. My housekeeper knows you are fond of goose." Another silence, broken only by the scratching of the pen. The appetising odor of a savory roast pervades the apartment more and more. "I'm sure it'th a gooth, Tham," says the Doctor, smacking his lips. "Dinner's ready, please, sir," said the maid, opening the door. Up jumped the hungry guest, and hurried into the bedroom to don the clothes he had left near the stove to dry. Horror of horrors! what fatal sight met his eye? His cherished headgear, his well-curled, powdered, and pomatumed *wig* lay in the fender frizzling in its own fat, and while browning nicely before the fire, exhaled the oder which had so tickled his olfactory nerves, and raised up hopes only to be thus cruelly overthrown!—*Table Talk.*

Miss Jane Robinson writes to the daily papers—that she is not the lady of that name, who is reported to have been kissed by a too ardent young gentleman in a railway car between Philadelphia and Wilmington. She thinks the matter should be set right at once—as she has been questioned several times about it.

Too Polite.

Not long ago a newly-married couple from the country established themselves at a fashionable hotel in one of our Western cities, for the purpose of "seeing the sights." The lady was young and pretty, the husband honest and verdant. The pair had been in the hotel some twenty-four hours, when the bridegroom walked up to the clerk and remarked: "That's my wife that stops in the room with me."

"Yes, I supposed so," was the bland reply of the clerk.

"Well, I thought I'd mention it," continued the man, "so you wouldn't think it strange in my complaining. I never like to find fault, you know; but we're kind of bothered. We've only been here since yesterday, and my wife has been invited to go to ride three times, and to go to the minstrels' shows likewise; and just now a sleek-looking chap knocked at the door and wanted to know if she was alone, and another actually inquired if that 'countryman she had on the string had gone.' I've no doubt these young men mean well enough, but they are too dogoned polite for me."

The poor fellow was assured that the "well-meaning" young men should not annoy him any further with their politeness, and he retired apparently much gratified.

Decidedly Non-Committal.

Old Lady—"Can you tell me, my good man, where I can find Mr. Jones?"

Pat—"Sure, ma'am, I expect it would be at his house ye would find him."

Lady—"Does he live anywhere in the street here?"

Pat—"Sure, no, indade; it's not for the likes of him to be living in the street at all."

Lady—"You stupid fellow, I mean what number does his family stop at?"

Pat—"Now, ma'am, you have me; he has six boys and four girls already, but whether he manes to stop at that number—"

Lady—"O, you blockhead!" [Exit Old Lady in a tremor of indignation.]

FOOTSTEPS AT THE DOOR.

The day is done, and swift draws nigh
The twilight hour, serene and sweet;
The busy crowds go hurrying by
With steady thud of thronging feet.
In many a home glad watchers wait,
As they have waited oft before,
To hear a hand upon the gate,
And well-known footsteps at the door!

Some list for feet that, still and cold,
No more the paths of life may tread,
And miss the strong arms' loving fold,
The tender words so often said.
Alas for such! the desolate,
Who half-expectant, as of yore,
Still chide the foolish hearts that wait
To hear the footsteps at the door!

Still pass the thronging myriads by,
Nor heed the mourners, watching lone!
The babes, who for the father cry,
The wives, whose light of life is gone;
And some their sadder vigils keep
For living lost ones, mourning sore,
And listening fear, and waiting weep,
And dread their footsteps at the door!

MEANT BUSINESS.—A Chicago school teacher testified as follows the other day: "Witness had had trouble with Maggie Lynn. On one occasion the girl refused point blank to spell a word, whereupon witness, anticipating a squabble, took the precaution to remove her watch chain, earrings, and such other loose articles as might suffer in the "muss," and when her decks were cleared for action, she told Maggie she would give her one minute by the watch to spell the word. She spelled it."

☞ Uncle Spinner, of the Treasury, is such a droll! All the girls in his Bureau at Washington are handsome. He sticks for beauty. An ungainly, ill-favored woman is as obnoxious to Spinner as a Wall Street gold-gambler. Spinner has the merry notion that a handsome woman can do her work better than a homely one.

☞ Virginia, Nev., was visited by a tremendous gale recently. The Enterprise reports: "Speaking of the gale yesterday, one gentleman said to another, 'Why, it's a regular typhoid!' The gentleman to whom the remark was made repeated it to a friend, when said friend laughed heartily, saying, "Ha, ha, ha, ha! why, blame it, he meant tycoon!"

☞ An honest old darkey down South says:—"Day tell us dar war pervisions in de Constitution for we collad folks, but dat was a lie—dem pervisions didn't come. 'Fore God, massa, I aint seen de fust mouthful."

☞ An old lady says it makes no difference which party professional politicians belong to, for "all of them will cheat."

How to Make Money Fast and Honestly.

Enter into a business of which you have a perfect knowledge. In your own right, or by the aid of friends on long time, have a cash capital sufficient to do at least a cash business. Never venture on a credit business at the commencement. Buy all your goods or materials for cash; you can thus take every advantage of the market, and pick and choose where and when you will. Be careful not to overstock yourself. Rise and fall with the market on short stocks. Always stick to those whom you prove to be strictly just in their transactions, and shun all others, even at a temporary disadvantage. Never take advantage of a customer's ignorance, nor equivocate nor misrepresent. Have but one price and a small profit, and you will find all the most profitable customers—the cash ones—or they will find you.

If ever deceived in business transactions, never attempt to save yourself by putting the deception upon others; but submit to the loss, and be more cautious in future. According to the character or success of your business, set aside a liberal percentage for printing and advertising, and do not hesitate. Never let an article, parcel, or package, go out from you without a handsomely-printed wrapper, card, or circular, and dispense them continually. Keep yourself unceasingly before the public by judiciously adverti-ing; and it matters not what business of utility you make choice of, for if intelligently and industriously pursued, a fortune will be the result.—*How to Get Rich.*

☞ Mr. Brown, of the celebrated banking-house of Brown Brothers, was at one time blessed by his wife with twin boys. He said this somewhat perplexed his domestic relations. As he was doing business in the name of Brown Brothers, he could not see the consistency of his wife being interested in Baring Brothers.

☞ Remarkable presence of mind was shown by a man employed in an Indiana saw-mill, who, when his coat-tail was caught in a revolving shaft, clasped his arms about a post, and allowed his outer garment to be skinned off his back in the twinkling of an eye.

☞ General Butler has appointed Charles Sumner Wilson, a colored youth, a cadet at West Point.

AGRICULTURAL.

BITING HARD!—The next time Patrick cleans the horse, he will be more gentle in carrying his legs. If he is not, there will probably be more photographs of the horse's teeth, on the place upon which he sits down! Never use the curry-comb upon the legs of a horse below the knee. There is no flesh on that part of the leg, so that, in careless hands, the curry-comb goes raking over the bones and causing severe pain. Even a good-natured horse will not always be quiet under such treatment. Use a wisp of straw, or, if the mud is plentiful, a smooth stick will take off most of it. Until Patrick can sit down comfortably again, he certainly will remember to be gentle when cleaning "old Jerry's" legs.

Salting Milch Cows.

William Egger, of Lowville, Lewis Co., a Swiss dairyman of experience, writes us the method practiced in Switzerland by the best stock keepers in salting stock. He says cows should be salted early every morning, and if they are fed in the stable the salt should be given before foddering. Salting in this way improves their appetite, they drink with more regularity, are kept in better health, and give more milk than when salted in the usual way, as practiced by dairymen in America. He thinks it very injurious to salt milch cows only once or twice a week, as they will lick too much salt at one time, and drink too much for the day. To have stock do well they must be fed with regularity, every day alike, and never given too much of anything at one time.

He says throwing a little salt before the cows in the morning is much better than allowing them to have free access to it during the day or at all times, as they choose to take it; because, as it is not taken with regularity, they will not drink with regularity, which has a very important influence in lessening the average yield of milk. Cows, he says, should never be salted after taking water, and then have no chance to drink for hours, as the irritation on account of thirst will of itself operate to depreciate the quality of milk and lessen the quantity. These facts he says he learned from one of the best and most successful stock keepers in Switzerland, and has found by repeated experiment in his own practice to be the best course to be adopted by dairymen in salting cows in order to get the most milk, and at the same time keep them in good health.

Drainage of Houses.

This is a matter that is far too much neglected, not only by farmers, but also by those living in towns and cities. It is no uncommon thing to find families suffering greatly from sickness, even to the length of death to some members, and running up a bill for medical attendance, from no other cause than such a simple and lightly thought of matter as a few inches of water in the cellar in early winter or spring, after some unusually heavy rainfall. Last year there was much more of this to complain of than usual, owing to the wetness of the season, and in instances that came under our notice it seemed to be regarded as almost a personal affront to tell the inmates of a sickly house that a few dollars spent in draining the cellar would restore them to health, and save payment of a heavy medical account. It was not so much as the mere presence of water that caused the trouble, as the fact that the water was foul and stagnant, and had become impregnated with bad odors, in the form of gases, arising from the decomposition in it of vegetable matter, such as half rotted potatoes, onions, turnips, cabbages, &c., and also the decayed wood of the bottom or sides of the cellars, which in many farm houses are constructed of logs and planks.

The door-yard in too many cases, is also a great source of unhealthiness. All the dirty water is unceremoniously thrown out at the back door, where it collects in a little pool, to be dabbled in by geese and ducks, and wallowed in by pigs, soon festering into a mass of pollution, the very smell of which brings disease to those who may have to pass in and out near it, as well as to the animals which frequent the spot.

It is nothing but thoughtlessness, perhaps, in some cases, we may say shiftlessness, that would cause any person to put up with such a constant source of annoyance and ill health to his family.

It is of the first importance to secure proper drainage to every dwelling house, and to make provision for the comfort and health of its inmates, by seeing that its whole surroundings are kept clean, and in good order. If a farmer cannot have a dry cellar, or one that is well drained, he had better have none at all to his house, but rather have one under the barn, or make a good root cellar near the barn yard, and as for the slops of the house, it would be but little extra trouble to throw them in a barrel, to be emptied when full on the barn yard manure heap, or used to water the garden with.

A New Bible Manuscript.

The following account of the discovery of a new Bible Manuscript, which we clip from Appleton's Journal, cannot fail to be interesting to our readers:

"Most of our readers are aware that the originals of the Books of Scripture are not now in existence. Copies in manuscript, technically termed *codices*, are all that we have now to depend on. The earliest codices of the Old Testament extant, are the Spanish. They may be attributed to the ninth or tenth centuries, and are held in high esteem by the Jews, as it is asserted that they were corrected by the Codex Hillel, a manuscript supposed to have been of boar antiquity. Nevertheless, the Hebrew scholar has often wished, from the bottom of his heart, that a copy of the ancient Scriptures might be found, which belonged to the halcyon days of the sacred tongue, when every king was commanded "to write him a copy of the law in a book." Perhaps this wish may be gratified at an early day, so far as regards the Books of Moses.

"Hebrew was originally written in a different character from the one now in use, though cognate to it. When or why the change was made is an undecided question. Most likely, during the Babylonian captivity, the children of Israel learned to write their language, which, like the Chaldaic, was Shemitic, in the Chaldaic character; and continued to use that character after their return to their own country. But scholars are not altogether agreed about the matter.

"The Samaritans—a mongrel people who inhabited Samaria after the *ten* tribes had been carried away, with very little Israelitish blood in their veins, but who mixed up Judaism and idolatry, worshipped in a temple on Mount Gerizim, which they built in opposition to the one on Mount Zion—received, it is said, through a Levitical priest, sent to them from Babylon, a copy of the Pentateuch, written in the old Hebrew character. This manner of writing they ever preserved. It appears now on coins, medals, some minor writings, and in the Samaritan Pentateuch in Walton's celebrated Polyglot. The latter, however, is not considered pure. There are also, in the British Museum, several volumes of Samaritan that include the Pentateuch, and some liturgies and ceremonials. Of their age we cannot speak; but they are all in the ancient character, which, Havernick says, is 'identical with the old Hebrew.'"

The Use of Salt.

One of our substantial subscribers believes the earth needs salt as much as man and other animals. He has been in the practice of watering his garden once or twice a week with a weak brine—about half the ordinary strength—and has seen most beneficial results therefrom. Cabbages, beets, turnips, in fact all his garden vegetables grew wonderfully after the application. In one instance he applied it twice during the growing season, to several rows of corn, leaving others along side upon which no application of the brine was made—and the rows that had received the salt water produced a third more corn than those not so watered.

Another subscriber, a most careful and exemplary farmer—purchased last spring a large quantity of damaged salt for dressing. It was applied to grain and root crops at the rate of ten bushels to the acre, being spread broadcast after the grain was sowed, and harrowed in. Its beneficial effects were quite marked, especially upon a crop of peas, although the gentleman informs us he believed himself that he used a larger quantity than was necessary. If other subscribers or correspondents have had any experience with salt as a fertilizer, we should be glad to hear from them.—*Maine Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

COCOANUT CAKES.—Grate the cocoanut, add the white of two eggs, and the juice of one lemon, with sugar to taste; beat up the mixture, drop it on wafer paper, and bake it in a quick oven. They should be small rough cakes, the points just browned.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 59 letters.
My 13, 24, 28, 51, 7, 45, 58, is one of Shakspeare's tragedies.
My 30, 3, 45, 55, 17, 30, 42, 15, 56, was one of the Muses.
My 23, 20, 18, 40, 5, 16, 9, 31, was the food of the Gods.
My 59, 39, 18, 26, 46, 4, 10, are an ancient race of people.
My 44, 7, 41, 28, 3, 53, 37, 35, 6, is a character in Shakspeare.
My 12, 3, 11, 9, 52, 19, is a title of June.
My 47, 5, 58, 50, 49, 1, 27, 29, is called the father of philosophy.
My 48, 9, 20, 5, was the founder of Carthage.
My 19, 15, 54, 13, 29, 36, 49, 52, 8, 58, 7, 3, 53, 33, 43, 24, 34, 19, is one of Shakspeare's tragedies.
My 2, 23, 52, 15, 9, 18, 49, 45, was a celebrated Carthagenian general.
My 25, 31, 50, 47, 49, 14, is a city in Poland.
My 17, 40, 32, 31, 22, 9, 49, was a queen of the Amazons.
My 33, 54, 18, 45, 27, 30, 32, was an Egyptian geographer and astronomer.
My 30, 23, 58, 18, 39, 54, 38, is one of Shakspeare's tragedies.
My whole is a well known passage in Shakspeare. ROSA.
Wheeling, W. Va.

Charade.

My first belongs to machinery,
My second is an obstacle.
My third is a continued line.
My whole is a useful article.
Baltimore, Md. EMILY.

Diophantine Problem.

It is required to find three positive integral numbers, the sum of whose reciprocals is a square. ARTEMAS MARTIN.
McKean, Erie Co., Pa.
☞ An answer is requested.

Geometrical Problem.

Suppose a vessel, whose hollow is semi-spherical, and being filled contains 10 gallons of liquid, (wine measure.) How much of its contents will run over if this vessel is lifted up at one of its sides, so that this raised part of the rim will be 2 inches above the level of the rim at the opposite lower side? AGUSTUS.
☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why does a cat, while eating, turn her head first one way and then another? Ans.—For the reason that she cannot turn it both ways at once."

☞ What animal has the greatest amount of brains? Ans.—The hog, of course, for he has a hogs-head full.

☞ Who was Jonah's tutor? Ans.—The whale that brought him up.

☞ When were there only three vowels in the alphabet? Ans.—Before U and I were thought of.

☞ Which are the four most corpulent letters in the alphabet? Ans.—O, B, C, T, (obesity.)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—

"Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."

RIDDLE—British America.

COOKING PARSNIPS AND CABBAGE.—Wash the parsnips, scrape, boil tender, and then slice and brown on a griddle, with butter to prevent sticking. Carrots are good, cooked in the same way. Boil cabbage tender in clear water; drain dry, add salt and a good piece of butter put on in little bits; cut in small squares for convenience in serving. Another method, requiring only half as much time in cooking, is to chop the cabbage fine before cooking; boil in clear water forty or fifty minutes, and serve as above. It is nearly equal to cauliflower.

RAISED CAKE WITHOUT EGGS.—Eggs are scarce and expensive, and we invent recipes which require few or none. Stir together a coffeecupful of light sugar, and half a cupful of butter; add a pint of warm water, half a cupful of yeast, and flour enough to make as thick as ordinary fruit cake. Rise over night. When very light add a little mace, cinnamon, allspice, and nutmeg, and a cup of chopped raisins. Put in the pan, let rise until light; then bake.

MARION'S CAKE.—Stir to a cream a teacup of butter and two of sugar; then add four eggs beaten to a froth, one small grated nutmeg, and a pint of flour. Stir until just before it is baked. Bake in cups, about 20 minutes.

HINTS FOR WASHING-DAY.—I manage my washing in this way. The evening previous to washing-day I put on the boiler and two gallons of soft water, allowing about a quarter of a pound of sal-soda, and a quarter of a pound of soap sliced; let them boil together until the soap and soda are dissolved. I then put the fine white clothes into one tub, and the coarsest ones into another. To the water in the boiler I add enough cold water to make the whole luke warm, and pour it over the clothes, and cover the tubs with a blanket. In the morning I add a pailful of hot water to the fine clothes and rub them well from this. They then go through another rub in fresh water, are next boiled twenty minutes, soused, rinsed in blue water, and hung up to dry. The coarse clothes receive the same treatment. My colored clothes are washed, rinsed, and starched before hanging out.

In starching my muslins and the shirt-bosoms and wristbands, I use boiled starch, being careful to rub in well the starch, that is, after the shirt-bosom has been dipped and wrung out as dry as possible. It is well rubbed and patted between the hands. This is a secret known to all good laundry women, and it is almost impossible to prevent the iron from sticking unless this precaution is observed. I cannot make Edward's collars stiff enough with boiled starch, so I always use cold starch for them. Take two teaspoonfuls of starch, and perhaps a half teacupful of water, or a little more. Have the starch thoroughly mixed before dipping in a collar, wring out, and rub and pat with the hand, spread on a clean towel, and when all are done, roll up the towel and iron in about an hour.—*Aunt Hattie, in Agriculturist.*